Two New Tragedies.

THE Black Prince, AND TRYPHON.

The first Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL

BY HIS

MAJESTIES SERVANTS;

The Other.

By his Highness the Duke of York's *Servants.*

Both Written by the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Orrery.

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE

Spoken by the Genius of *England*, holding a Trident in one hand and a Sword in the other.

IS England's *Genius, that Victorious Name,*
Which ſhakes the World and fills the mouth of Fame,
So much forgot, as you miſpend your Wit
(Which my Great Deeds as Greatly might have Writ)
To court a Fancy, & improve a Dream,
And ſeek new Worlds for a leſs noble Theame?
Can you in Arms conſpiring Nations ſee,
And think on any thing but Fame, and Me.?
While the loud Cannon, with prophetick ſound,
Foretels our King muſt be in Paris *Crown'd,*
And with ſuch Heat once more invade the French,
As all the Waves between us cannot quench;
To the juſt fury of whoſe fatal blows
Fleets, Walls, and Armies they in vain oppoſe;
This Trophy, which ſo glorioufly to yours
Add's a fourth Crown, and thoſe four Crowns ſecures,
The Belgian *Admiral uſurping bore,*
And I from him and all his Tritons tore.
He to another Element was blown,
Who thought himſelf immortal in his own;
For ſtill the Sea his Loſſes did Repair,
Till our Alcides *kill'd him in the Air.*
This Sword, which in French *blood ſo often dy'de,*
Intail'd ſucceſs on the young Edward's *ſide,*
Reſign'd to you, ſhall all thoſe Arts exceed
Which made him Triumph and that Kingdom Bleed.
Their frighted Lillies ſhall confeſs their loſs,
Wearing the Crimſon Liv'ry of your Croſs;
And all the World ſhall learn by their Defeat,
Our Charles, *not theirs, deſerves the name of Great.*

Dramatis Perſonæ

King Edward.	Mr. *Moon.*
King John.	Mr. *Winterſell.*
Prince.	Mr. *Kenniſton.*
Ld. Delaware.	Mr. *Hart.*
Count Gueſclin.	Mr. *Burt.*
Ld. Latimer.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Page.	Mr. *Decſter.*
Alizia.	Mrs. *Quinn.*
Plantaginet.	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Cleorin.	Mrs. *Corey.*
Sevina.	Mrs. *Nepp.*
Valeria *diſguis'd.*	*F. Dampier.*
A Lady.	*Betty Dampier.*
	Attendants.

THE

THE Black Prince.

THE FIRST ACT.

The First Scene is a magnificent Palace, King Edward *the Third standing in the middle of the Theater, environ'd with his Nobility and Guards, the Lord* Delaware *presents the King a Letter which when he has read, the King says;*

King. BRave *Delaware*, my Son doth let me know
How much my Empire to thy Sword does owe;
What generous Youth, could more thy Fame advance,
Then with thy hand to take King *John* of *France*.

Dela. Sir, What you say, more Fame to me does yield,
Then I could gain in *Poictiers* glorious Field;
For 'tis more honour to be prais'd by You
Then 'tis another Monarch to subdue.

King. No Subject winning Glory can admit
Such joy, as does his King rewarding it:
The Chape of that Kings Sword whom thou didst take
The Crest for ever of thy Arms shall make;
In that addition to them shall be shown,
While the World lasts, the honour thou hast won:
To thee thy General leaves it to relate
The English Glory, and the Frenchmens Fate.

Dela. As soon, Sir, as the Prince to *Bourdeaux* came
(So much doth Glory his great Soul inflame)
He took the Field, and did forthwith regain
All that King *John* possest in *Aquitain*;
Then with like speed *Anjou* he did subdue,
And all his Towns, but *Poictiers*, of *Poitou*;
That place alone his Forces durst oppose,
Guesclin the Gallantest of all our foes
Poictiers did for their Governour admit,
And he a while bravely defended it,
Yet our Success was but a while deny'd,
That by a greater it might be supply'd;
For Heav'n decreed, that *Poictiers*, Sir, should yield
As deathless Wreaths to you as *Cressy* Field;

The nobleſt Wreaths which ever Victor wore
Wreaths which ſhall laſt when Time ſhall be no more.
King. But tell me how King *John* employ'd his time,
While thoſe three Provinces were torn from him.
Dela. He, the mean while rais'd all the Powers of *France*,
And to relieve the City did advance.
The Prince had notice of a ſtrength ſo great,
And timely might have made a fair retreat;
Yet ſince before the place he once did lye,
He was reſolv'd to take it, or to die,
From this reſolve he could not, Sir, be won.
King. He did therein, but what became my Son?
No humane force could ever yet ſubdue
An Engliſh Prince, and Engliſh Army too.
Dela. The French appear, and *Poictiers* ſpacious Plain
Was not enough their Army to contain;
Th' advantages of ground our General takes
And plants before his Squadrons ſharpned Stakes;
With the like Art, but yet in thicker Ranks,
He ſtrongly fortify'd his Rear and Flanks.
The Word was giv'n, and all our Bows were bent,
When a French Herauld to the Prince was ſent,
Who told him that his King had thought it good,
To avoid the ſhedding of much Chriſtian blood,
To let him know he could not win the Field
And all ſhould have fair Quarter, would He yield:
The Prince unmov'd did inſtantly reply,
None does deſerve to live, who fears to die:
Go tell your King, thoſe Engliſh I command
The name of Quarter hardly underſtand;
But that, ere night, he may have cauſe to know,
What we refuſe to take we may beſtow.
King. This anſwer did the meſſage well befit.
Dela. The Herauld, Sir, return'd amaz'd at it,
Their odds in number rais'd them to that height,
They thought they came to take us, not to fight.
King. How many were the French?
Dela. —— ——— Themſelves confeſs'd,
That eighty thouſand men they were at leaſt.
King. What was my Son?
Dela. ——— The truth I do not wrong,
Proteſting he was but eight thouſand ſtrong;
But thoſe eight thouſand, Sir, were Engliſhmen.
King. And One of thoſe may well be reckon'd Ten.
Dela. Sir, ſince your Army by your Son was led,
We all did then believe what now you ſaid;
For in his eyes we our Succeſs did ſee,
His looks did anti-date our Victory.

His face, that morning, to us all did ſhow
Thoſe Lawrels, which that ev'ning Crown'd his Brow;
Now all the Drums do beat, the Trumpets ſound,
The Soldiers ſhout the trembling Air does wound,
The flying Arrows ſuch thick Clouds had made,
As ev'n the heat of Fight produc'd a ſhade:
Our Van brave *Oxford* and great *Talbot* lead,
Whoſe Swords, that day, did much increaſe the Dead:
Suffolk and *Warwick* did command our Rear,
And there deſerv'd thoſe Titles which they bear;
So did *Audley*, Sir, and *Barkley* too,
Whom all did imitate but none out-do.

King. The like at *Creſſy* by thoſe ſix was done,
Danger they ſlight where Glory may be won.

Dela. Fortune, a while, did fear to ruine *France*,
But when the Prince his Battle did advance,
He courted her with Valour ſo Sublime,
As ſhe turn'd juſt, and did declare for him;
They in three Armies did divide their Pow'rs,
And every one of them did treble ours;
By which our Prince found, when the day was done,
That he had fought Three Battles to gain One:
So many heaps of Frenchmen there were ſlain,
As into Hills they ſeem'd to change the Plain;
And all thoſe Clouds their Horſes feet had made,
Were with the Blood of their dead Riders laid:
Two Lords arm'd like King *John* were in the Field,
And by our Princes hand they both were kill'd;
In doing which he did prodigious things,
For though they were Not, yet they fought like Kings;
While in the Field wars bloody Game was plaid,
Gueſclin did ſally, and was Priſoner made.

King. In your Relation you omit one thing
I fain would hear, 'tis, how you took the King.

Dela. Sir, In the heat of Battle 'twas my chance
To fight with, and to take King *John* of *France*;
'Twas Fortune onely favour'd me in this.

King. Your Modeſty great as your Valour is,
For here my Son to me at large does write
The Honour which you purchas'd in the Fight,
And all thoſe brave attempts which you did make,
Before your Royal Priſoner you did take;
Nothing which you perform'd from me is hid.

Dela. He writes what I'de have Done, not what I Did;
When the French King into my Pow'r did fall,
I did conduct him to our General,
Who then was giving of Rewards to thoſe
Who took two hundred Colours from your Foes;

Amidſt

Amidſt thoſe Glorious Trophies, Sir, he ſtood,
His Armour cover'd all with duſt and blood;
Thoſe fights afreſh the Captive King did wound.
King. None in a Nobler Poſture could be found.
Dela. When to the Prince I nam'd King *John* of *France*,
He haſtily to meet him did advance,
And to his Priſoner did as humbly bow,
As, Sir, he could have done, had it been You.
King. He did therein what did a Prince befit,
Fierce in the Fight and humble after it.
Dela. The King then ſaid, ſince Fortune does decree,
I ſhould be taken by my Enemy;
Part of the wounds ſhe gives, ſhe alſo cures,
Since now I fall into ſuch hands as Yours;
I am your Priſoner, Sir, and come to know
The end you aim at by my being ſo.
The Prince, in whom all Vertues do reſide,
Pitying the Kings misfortune, thus reply'd;
That, mighty Prince, to which I moſt pretend,
Is, from an Enemy you'll turn a Friend:
And if you'll grant what now is begg'd by me,
I'll prize it more then this days Victory.
Theſe words the Prince with ſuch an Accent grac'd,
As by the King he cloſely was embrac'd,
Who told him in this Action you have ſhown,
You have more ways to Conquer me then one,
And, Sir, to prove this does my Mind ſubdue;
That which you ask of Me I beg of You.
King. This laſt Succeſs tranſcends the other Three:
'Tis more to Gain then Beat an Enemy.
Dela. All things to tell you too much time would take,
But then ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip they did make,
As Our Prince vow'd he would ſolicite you
To grant the King a Peace and Freedom too;
Then by a Generoſity ſublime,
He did that night at ſupper wait on Him:
By which that vanquiſh'd Monarch well might boaſt,
He there receiv'd more Honour then he loſt.
King. My Son in this did ſuch High Worth expreſs,
As I more value It then his Succeſs.
Dela. The Liſt of all thoſe Priſoners which we took
Are by the Prince preſented in this Book;

[*Gives the King a Book.*

All things ſecur'd which we had won by force,
He with King *John* for *England* ſteer'd his courſe.
The wind ſo favour'd him, as yeſterday
He ſafely landed in *Southampton*-Bay.

From whence he sent me Post to let you know
They both to morrow, Sir, will wait on you.
King. For their Reception every thing prepare
Which may your joys and your Respects declare.
I'le treat this Royal Pris'ner at a Rate
Proportion'd to his Title, not his Fate.
My Actions, not my Words shall let you see,
How much, brave Youth, you are esteem'd by Me.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene is a Garden and a Grotta, in which Alizia Peirce *lies as in a slumber. Enter* Sevina *who plays upon the Lute; when she has done,* Aliza *rises, embraces her, and says;*

Aliz. Ah my dear Friend; it is in vain you strive
To give that Ease which onely Death can give.
Sev. This is the day you promis'd I should know
That fatal Sorrow under which you bow.
I thought the Charms of Musick might abate
The Grief, which springs from what you will relate.
Aliz. Too mean a thought you of my Grief admit,
In thinking any thing can lessen it.
Who would not all delights of Life decline
That had a Soul so out of Tune as Mine?
Sev. Do not from such a Friend your self refrain,
My Help may put your Soul in Tune again:
'Tis to you Promise, Madam, that I trust,
Let not your Sorrow make you prove unjust.
If Grief should make you to such Wrong submit,
You will Deserve as well as Suffer it.
Aliz. My Fatal Promise why do you pursue?
Though Old Griefs, when related, turn to New,
Yet you no longer shall of me complain,
I'le rather Heighten then Deserve my Pain.
You know, Dear Friend, when to this Court I came,
My Eyes did all our bravest youths Inflame:
And in that happy state I liv'd a while,
When Fortune did betray me with a smile;
Or rather Love against my Peace did fight;
And, to revenge his Power which I did slight,
Made *Edward* our victorious Monarch be,
One of those many who did Sigh for Me.
All other Flames but His I did deride,
They rather made my Trouble than my Pride:
But this, when told me, made me quickly know,
Love is a God to which all Hearts must bow.
Sev. 'Tis certain every Creature that hath Breath
Is no more priviledg'd from Love than Death:

Think you what is your Duty is your Crime,
Or else do you repent you Conquer'd Him?

Aliz. Oh had you heard, in what a Moving way
He the first time his Passion did display,
And had you seen that Grief and matchless Grace
Which did at once Cloud and Adorn his Face;
You had admir'd such differing Charms to see,
But more admir'd had they not Conquer'd Me.

Sev. I was your Confident in that bright Fire
Which both did in each others Breast Inspire:
A Fire might teach all Lovers how to Burn,
Then sure 'tis something else which makes you Mourn.

Aliz. Oh if he had been still to that bright Flame
As Faithful, and as Constant as I am;
Justice her self, no Fire could higher prize,
But that Blest Fire in which the Martyr Dies.
But he is False———

Sev.———If what you say were true,
Madam, my Friendship must have seen it too;
'Tis Jealousie which has usurp'd Love's place.

Aliz. Love has more piercing Eyes then Friendship has;
From the Suns sight you may the World remove,
Sooner than hide from Lovers change in Love:
His Glorious Flame for me in Clouds is set,
And he adores the fair Plantagenet;
To that Bright Widow he his Heart does yield.

Sev. Alas since her Brave Lord in *France* was kill'd,
She onely doth the Pow'r of Grief obey.

Aliz. How soon does Love wipe sorrows Tears away.
She's Courted by a Monarch whose Renown
Does make him greater much then does his Crown:
To Conquer All he has resistless Pow'rs;
His Sword subdues His Sex, His Vertues Ours.

Sev. Then let his Vertue which you so much Prize
Suppress your Jealousie and dry your Eyes,
Virtue so Firm as nothing can Remove.

Aliz. Virtue is nothing but a Name in Love,
What cannot Love, when he is Victor, do?
Which makes men think their Change their Virtue too.

Sev. With equal Flames the King your Flames did meet,
And daily breath'd his Passion at your feet:
Myrtles, when giv'n by You, were Dearer held
Than all those Lawrels Vanquish'd *France* did yield.
He went with Grief that Empire to subdue,
Hating what ever sever'd him from You.

Aliz. I see his Change in spight of all his Art,
He suffers not, but plays the Lovers part.

Sev. Let not such thoughts be entertain'd by you,
He Courts you now more then he us'd to do.
Aliz. This does the Truth of what I said detect,
His Passion now is chang'd into Respect;
And Love which once was High, and is decay'd,
Like the Sun-setting, casts the greater shade.
From all his sacred Vows he does depart,
'Tis false Love only needs the help of Art.
Sev. Such Doubts his Constancy may Overthrow,
Who thinks him False provokes him to be so;
Did you to him your cause of Grief unfold?
Aliz. 'Twould not deserve that Name, could it be told;
She meanly Loves who slighted can admit,
Ought but her death should tell her Lover it.
Sev. No wonder Grief thus in your Breast does Reign,
When you from your Physician hide your Pain;
Let Him but hear from whence your Sorrow grows.
Aliz. 'Tis low, and vain to tell him what he knows.
Sev. Then I will tell it him, and he will fly
Faster to You, than to a Victory;
And quickly learn to clear his Fancy'd Fault.
Aliz. A perfect Lover needs not to be taught,
And if he were with Loves true Passion Fir'd,
He would not need to Learn, he'd be Inspir'd.
Sev. At my request ease your distemper'd Mind,
And on my life you suddenly shall find,
To think him faulty is to think Amiss.
Aliz. He is too Guilty, since I think he is.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Cleopin *and* Delaware.

Cleo. I hop'd your absence (now three years compleat)
Had cur'd your Passion for Plantagenet,
And you would Fame to hopeless Love prefer,
Dela. I courted Fame but more to merit Her,
Since I durst Love, not having Fame atchiev'd;
Since I ador'd her while her Husband liv'd,
Now that the Noble *Kent* three years is dead,
Now that with Lawrel War has Crow'd my Head,
How can you be, dear Sister, so unwise,
To think that Love can fall while Hope does rise?
Cleo. You know, Dear Brother, only for your sake
That I three years incessant care did take,
To make my self your Conquerors Confident;
But though I have accomplish'd my Intent,
Yet all I gain'd by it, is to believe
She never your Addresses will Receive;

For since she lost her Lord the Noble *Kent*,
She thinks all time not paid to Grief, mispent.
Dela. In what you say much cause of Hope I find,
Since Grief th' unwelcom'st Passion of the Mind,
She does admit within her to Reside,
Love the most welcome cannot be deny'd.
Cleo. Do not your hopes with such wild Fancies feed,
Her's is a Grief which does from Love proceed;
You by your Passion strangely are mis-led.
Dela. Is it then possible to love the Dead?
We but to those Alive can Love express,
For when the Cause does die, the Effect must cease.
Cleo. Your own strange Fate opposes what you said,
Your Love does Live, and yet your Hope is Dead.
Dela. Since Love has over her Triumphant been,
My Flame is Such, to doubt Success were Sin.
Cleo. Nothing from Sorrow can her Soul remove,
And Grief is still an enemy to Love;
But were her Grief subdu'd, yet I must say
A greater hind'rance does obstruct your way;
In the King's Heart a growing Flame does rise,
Which he discovers by his Sighs and Eyes;
He is the greatest Monarch of the Earth,
And greater by his Actions then his Birth.
Dela. Had I her heart, his Titles would not sway,
In Loves just ballance onely Love does weigh.
Cleo. The nature of our Sex I'll not disguise,
Our Servants Loves less than their Pow'rs we prise;
For but in Name alone their Hearts are ours,
But we effectually do share their Pow'rs.
Dela. Yet Love would tell her, 'tis a greater thing
To Conquer, then it is to be a King.
Cleo. There is something else which makes my Care more great
Then all which I to you have mention'd yet.
You know the Prince of *Wales* did once appear
Your Conquerors Lover, and was lov'd by her,
And he to wed her gain'd the Kings consent;
But unexpectedly she married *Kent*:
I often prest the Cause she would reveal,
Yet she the secret does from me conceal;
But though she on the Prince does lay the Blame
Yet she will weep when she but hears his Name.
A thousand other Proofs do make me doubt
That Fire is onely cover'd not put out.
Dela. Ah *Cleorin*, there's none but I alive
Of that strange Marriage an account can give:
You know when to the wars of *France* I went
I made a Friendship with the Earl of *Kent*,

Which in short time did grow so strong and high,
As when he found he of his Wounds should die,
He to strict silence first did me Engage,
Then told me how he gain'd his Marriage,
Which is so strange a story, I dare swear
She never can love him, nor he love her.

Cleo. I will not beg you then to tell me why,
Since you have ty'd your self to secresie:
Brother, I now must leave you, for you know
Our King does on King *John* a Masque bestow,
To which he did *Plantagenet* invite,
And thither I must wait on her to night.

Dela. Ah since you must be gone, yet e'r you go
Let me at least what I may hope for know.

Cleo. The highest joy to which you can pretend,
Is, that your Mistress you may make your Friend.

Dela. If she does Friendship and not Love bestow,
At once she'll make me blest and wretched too.

Cleo. She'll meet your Friendship, but your Love she'll shun;
Despair must do what Reason should have done.

Dela. This is a cruelty she should abhorre,
She should not do so much, or should do more,

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter the King, Alizia, *and* Sevina.

Alizia's *Chamber.*

King. While your suspicion to such height does rise,
You wrong at once my Passion and your Eyes:
Ah Madam, be no longer so unkind,
Since you to think me false must think me blind;
How can you doubt of any change in me,
When such fair Eyes are your Security.

Aliz. Ah do not, Sir, condemn what I have done,
To doubt your Love does more declare my own:
'Tis Love, not jealousie which I detect,
Then for the causes sake excuse th' effect.

King. Madam, there is but one degree you know
'Twixt doubting I am false and thinking so.

Aliz. To you no clearer Proof, Sir, I can give
I think you are not false, then that I live;
For did I doubt you guilty of that wrong
My death should tell it you, and not my tongue.

King. The pow'r of Kindness, Madam, you confound,
Making your Love the Sword with which you wound;
If from this day my Ruine you will date,
Then by some other Weapon act my fate;

Your Anger Misery enough does prove
Without ascribing of it to your Love.
'Twere better far I fell by your Disdain
Then have your Love my blessing turn my Pain.
Aliz. What I have said too warmly you pursue.
King. How can you love him whom you think untrue?
Admire not what you said so much does move,
Since if you think me false I lose your love;
Against such groundless Fear there's no defence,
Aliz. Love feels no greater Torment then Suspense,
Since she who truly Loves had rather know
Her Lover false, than always think him so;
For 'tis an ill more sensible and high
To Live tormented still, then 'tis to Die:
But you may end those Torments I deplore,
If you will never see my Rival more.
King. This is a Remedy severe and new,
Rudeness to her must Kindness be to you;
And of my Love can you no proof admit,
But what will make me for your Love unfit?
Aliz. Ah were I Blest or Curst to such degree
As that you thought some other lov'd by Me,
I would for ever from his sight be gone
And would in your contentment find my own;
Were your Affections but for me as great
Then you no more would see *Plantagenet*.
King. She is the neareſt Kinswoman I have,
Her Lord too in my Service found his Grave;
Nature and Honour these respects approve
And make that Duty which you doubt is Love.
Aliz. Alas were you not chang'd, you would not be
Civil to her, rather than kind to me.
King. Will this your fatal Jealousie remove?
I swear I never spake to her of Love.
Aliz. Love is not always by Discourse made known,
It may be spoken in a Look or Groan;
Some in those ways more Passion can dispense
Then others by the Charms of Eloquence;
Your Oath I fear is dictated by Art,
Your Tongue is innocent, but not your Heart.
King. This, Madam, too much your unkindness shows,
You neither will believe my Love nor Vows,
Aliz. Do not admire my Doubts and Fears are high
When you that easie cure of them deny;
I saw you gaze on her, much more then you
Did gaze on me when I did know you true;
Which to my Torment, Sir, does let me see
You lov'd Me not, or lov'd Her more then Me;

Man's

Man's Art to ſuch a height could never riſe
As Love from a true Lover to diſguiſe;
Oh Sir, it is high time I let you know
Though Love is blind; yet Lovers are not ſo.

King. He never yet the height of Love has known
Who onely told it in a Look or Groan;
When I to you that Paſſion did expreſs
Which, Madam, onely with my Life ſhall ceaſe:
Though many Looks and Sighs to you I ſent,
Yet by Diſcourſe too I did give it vent;
If through all paſſages it does not preſs,
It ſoon will kill the heart it does poſſeſs:
Love is ſo vaſt a Paſſion, as the breaſt
Is much too ſmall to hold ſo great a Gueſt.

Aliz. Great Love is like great Grief, and all, Sir, hold
That Grief is weak or ſmall which can be told.

Enter Lord Latymer, *who whiſpers to the King.*

King. Madam, A preſſing buſineſs calls me now,
Be therefore ſatisfied with this ſtrict Vow;
My carriage to *Plantagenet* ſhall be
Such as ſhall make you grant you've injur'd me.

[*Exeunt King and Lord* Latymer.

Aliz. Now my *Sevina*, think you not that I
Had a ſufficient ground for Jealouſie.

Sev. Madam you had, but give me leave to ſay
You to ſuppreſs it took a hopeleſs way.

Aliz. To what way elſe could I have had recourſe?

Sev. A Lover never was brought back by force;
But ſince he raiſes Jealouſie in you,
Madam, reſolve to make him Jealous too:
You by a double Right muſt gain his Heart,
Firſt owe it to your Beauty then your Art:
Love is like Health which all men value moſt,
Not while it is poſſeſt, but when 'tis loſt,

Aliz. I'le rather bear Misfortunes worſt Aſſault
Then owe my bleſſing to a ſeeming Fault;
If what you now propoſe I ſhould approve,
Virtue would bluſh at my Succeſs in Love;
Honour alone ſhall guide my Actions ſtill,
Rather than I will do, I'le ſuffer ill:
My Rival nor the King ſhall ever ſay
To gain my Right I took a guilty way;
She has the Happier, I the Nobler part,
She may Poſſeſs, but I'le deſerve his Heart.

[*Exeunt.*

The end of the Firſt Act.

The Curtain falls.

THE

THE SECOND ACT.

The First SCENE.

The Curtain being drawn up, King Edward *the Third, King* John *of* France, *and the Prince of* Wales *appear, ſeated on one ſide of the* Theater; *waited on by the Count of* Gueſclin, *the Lord* Latymer, *the Lord* Delaware, *and other Lords, with the King's Guards. On the other ſide of the* Theater *are ſeated* Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina, *and other Ladies. The* SCENE *opens; Two* SCENES *of Clouds appear, the one within the other; in the hollow of each Cloud are Women and Men richly apparell'd, who ſing in Dialogue and Chorus, as the Clouds deſcend to the Stage; then the Women and Men enter upon the Theater, and dance; afterwards return into the Clouds, which inſenſibly riſe all of them ſinging until the Clouds are aſcended to their full height; then onely the* SCENE *of the Kings magnificent Palace does appear, all the Company ariſe.*

King. Ed. SInce you are Priſ'ner by the fate of War,
I ſhall not onely make it Sir, my Care
Your Grief by ſuch diverſions to allay,
But quickly too to take their Cauſe away;
Two pow'rful Motives me to this perſwade,
The Friendſhip, Sir, you with my Son have made,
And that rare Fortitude which you have ſhown
In *Poictiers* Field, and after it was won.
King Jo. Sir, of that fatal place I'le not complain,
Since I in it his Friendſhip did obtain,
Which I ſo prize as I'de the loſs repeat
Rather then miſs a happineſs ſo great. } *Embracing the Prince.*

Prince. As much as Virtue Fortune does out-ſhine,
So much your Victory ſurpaſſes mine;
A Treaty will my bonds on you untie,
But yours on me will laſt eternally.
King Ed. That Treaty we to morrow will begin,
And you ſhall find I'le ſo proceed therein,
As you and all the world, Sir, ſhall confeſs
Juſtice ſhall guide me in it, not Succeſs:
Doubt not but what I promiſe ſhall be done,
'Tis what I owe my Honour and my Son.
King Jo. Thus uſing your Succeſs, the world will ſee
How juſtly you deſerve your Victory;

Force

Force in rough Fetters may the Body bind,
But onely Friendſhip Captivates the Mind.

King Ed. It is already, Sir, ſo late I fear
As I no longer will detain you here;
But only for the Ladies ſake to aſk
If you have been delighted with their Maſk.

King Jo: While they are here, a Sin I ſhould eſteem
My being pleas'd with any thing but them;
To ſuch a height their conquering Beauties riſe,
I 'admire them onely I employ'd my Eyes.

King Ed. All thoſe who treat of Love are much abus'd,
If Love be dangerous while 'tis diffus'd;
To morrow they attend you at the Ball,
Then 'twill perhaps on one contracted fall.

King Jo. 'Tis harder, Sir, as 'tis by trial known,
To reſiſt many then reſiſt but one;
But much more hard when each of them I ſee
Has Charms enough alone to conquer me.

[*Exeunt King* John *leading out* Plantagenet,

As all are going out Alizia *ſtops* Sevina, *who both return on the* Theater.

Aliz. Stay my *Sevina*, e're from hence you go,
I muſt your Heart as you my Heart ſhall know;
Methought I ſaw King *Edward* by Surprize
Look on my Rival with a Lovers Eyes;
If while I'm preſent he does her adore,
Ah when I'm abſent ſure he does it more.

Sev. Through a falſe Optick, Madam, ſtill we look,
When Jealouſie hath once poſſeſſion took;
I mark'd the King, and if his Looks were true
He with Loves Eyes did onely look on you:
But I am ſure the Princes Eyes were ſet
With ſo much Paſſion on *Plantagenet*,
As all my skill in Looks I think is vain,
If his old Wound bleeds not afreſh again;
And I'le ne'r truſt a Womans Eyes if She
Be not as ſick of that Diſeaſe as He.

Aliz. I am amaz'd at what I hear from you.

Sev. Madam, You'll find what I have ſaid is true,
And if the Prince and She each other Love
The Kings Addreſſes will Succeſsleſs prove.
Should his imagin'd Paſſion be as high
As you can think though taught by Jealouſie,
This, Madam, ought your Trouble to ſuppreſs.

Aliz. It does increaſe rather then make it leſs,
Ah what Delight or Glory will it be,
To find her Scorn does drive him back to me;

May ſhe ſtill rather of her Conqueſt boaſt,
Then I regain ſo meanly what I loſt:
My Lover to my Rival I will looſe,
Sooner then take a King ſhe does refuſe.
Then do not think I'le do ſo low a thing:
I'le Nobly Looſe or Nobly keep the King.
Sev. My hopes of ſerving you I muſt forſake,
When you a Poiſon of your Cordial make.
Aliz. What greater curſe in Love can Fortune ſend
Then make the way unworthy to the end?
For ſhould He from my Rival now refrain,
I muſt attribute it to her Diſdain:
I by my doubt did but the Pain endure,
But what you ſaid cuts off all hope of Cure *Exeunt.*

The SCENE *is* Plantagenets *Chamber.*

Plantagenet *and* Cleorin.

Cleo. Pray ſpeak your thoughts ſince I have told you mine.
Plan. Alas dear Friend, they are the ſame with thine;
But to be us'd by Him as I have been,
Does make me bluſh at Love as at a Sin.
Cleo. I oft have beg'd you, Madam, but in vain,
To tell me why you of the Prince complain.
Plan. 'Tis that alone from thee I can conceal,
Nay I that Secret would to thee reveal,
Had I not Lov'd the Prince to ſuch degree,
As I had rather be Condemn'd then he:
Ah what can my Reſpect more clearly ſhow,
Then willingly his Guilt to undergo.
Cleo. I cannot think a Prince of ſuch high Fame
As all the World does homage to his Name,
To ſuch a horrid Crime can condeſcend;
As is unfit for you to tell your Friend.
Plan. To thoſe bright Stars which guide us 'tis a ſhame,
That ſo much Falſhood dwells with ſo much Flame.
Cleo. Heaven ſeldom does that man with Lawrels Crown
Who ought by Thunder to be ſtrucken down,
And Crimes which you to me dare not relate
Cannot but Merit, Madam, ſuch a Fate:
I doubt you are betray'd by ſome abuſe.
Plan. Oh that his Sin would but admit Excuſe;
Which that it cannot doubtleſs you'll admit,
When I have vow'd, 'twas he which told me it.
Cleo. Madam, You might his words miſ-underſtand.
Plan. Alas he writ them me with his own Hand.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh in what Throne can Sacred Vertue Reign,
When ſuch a Prince does Falſhood entertain.
Plan. I know not which for wonder is more fit,
Th' Offence he did or my out-living it;
But though no uſage ever was ſo ill,
Yet, *Cleorin*, I fear I Love him ſtill;
For when I ſaw him at the Mask to night,
From him I cou'd not take away my ſight;
Bluſhes and Sighs each other did purſue,
To certain Signs that what I Fear is true;
But I'le no more this guilty Talk prolong,
Who can the Offender Love, deſerves the Wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King John *of* France, *and Count* Gueſclin.

Gueſc. Since all things, Sir, to eaſe your Grief are done
By the Great *Edward* and his Greater Son
Why ſhew you now more Sorrow in your Look
Then when at *Poitiers* you were Priſ'ner took.
King Jo. Ah who could think more could by Fate be done,
Then rob me of my Freedom and my Crown.
Gueſc. You did unworthy of your Fate appear,
So bravely, Sir, thoſe Loſſes you did bear:
Your Conquerour, for a conſtancy ſo high,
Applauded You, and blam'd your Deſtiny.
Heav'n did to you your Miſeries aſſign,
Onely to make your Vertues brighter ſhine.
King. Over my Sorrows I could ſtill command,
Were I but Fortunes malice to withſtand;
She could my Hands but as a Priſ'ner bind,
But now I am a Captive of the Mind;
At *Poitiers* I by force did loſe the Field,
But here alas I willingly do yield.
Gueſc. I cannot, Sir, believe ſo ill of you
As that you blame what willingly you do.
How can you bear the worſt of Fortunes blows,
Yet ſink with what you on your ſelf impoſe.
King. This Generous Prince doubly does me ſubdue,
By force of Arms, and force of Friendſhip too.
I muſt lament what he hath done for me,
Since now 'tis Sin to hate my Enemy.
Gueſc. Blame not your Fortune, but your ſelf Commend,
For making a brave Foe a braver Friend.
King. He by my Ruine makes his Glory riſe,
Then me by Friendſhip from Revenge he ties,
Oh do not blame me if I feel Remorſe,
When I'me ſubdu'd by Kindneſs as by Force.

Gueſc.

Gueſc. Your Friendſhip for him, Sir, was never found,
If ſuch effects of it you Soul does wound;
Ah let him never, Sir, my King ſubdue
Both by his Fortune and his Vertue too.
Your Honour is ſo Firm and ſo ſublime,
'Twere Sin to think you Guilty of that Crime:
'Tis ſomething elſe which does your Grief Inſpire,
After what you would hide I'le not inquire.

King. Ah Friend, I grant 'tis ſomething elſe indeed,
Yet from his Friendſhip does my Grief proceed.
For at the Mask King *Edward* made for me
The Bright *Plantagenet* I there did ſee,
And ſoon my Heart a Paſſion did admit
Vaſt as thoſe Beauties which created it:
Such Features, Colours, Motions, and ſuch Eyes,
With the Reſult which from them all did riſe,
My Soul to this belief did quickly win,
That yielding Duty was, Reſiſtance Sin.

Gueſc. Your Grief from Love not Friendſhip then does grow,

King. It ſprings at once from Love and Friendſhip too:
For I obſerv'd, during the Masking Night,
The Prince on her did always fix his Sight,
And often from his breaſt a Sigh would ſteal
Which as his Looks his Paſſion did reveal;
But that which made my Trouble much more great
Was, when her Sight did with the Prince's meet:
A bright Vermillion in her Face would riſe,
Then with a Sigh ſhe would caſt down her Eyes;
What ſtronger Proof could either of them ſhow,
That he lov'd her, and that ſhe Lov'd him too?
Condemn not then my Grief who muſt contend,
Both with my Conquerour, and with my Friend.

Gueſc. Let that which does your Grief your Glory prove,
Making your Friendſhip overcome your Love;
'Twill be by all a greater Action held,
Thus to Decline a Love then Gain a Field:
As much as vertue above Fortune is
So much your Glory will out-rival his;
For you a Nobler Conqueſt this ſecures,
Let Force his Triumph make, but Friendſhip yours.

King. Gueſclin, Such talk as this you muſt forbear,
The greateſt Glory is her Chains to wear;
In what thou mov'ſt, thou doſt miſpend thy breath,
None cures her Beauties Wounds but She or Death.

Gueſc. 'Tis ſtrange to be ſo Vanquiſh'd the firſt hour.

King. That does not ſhow my Weakneſs but her Pow'r,
Her Beauty onely has the Right and Art,
At the firſt Sight to Captivate a Heart;

Her Eyes can be no more oppos'd then Fate,
Others may Raiſe, but ſhe does Love Create.
Gueſc. I once believ'd the Empire of your Breaſt
Could onely by *Valeria* be poſſeſt.
King. I was my ſelf to that belief confin'd,
But now *Plantagenet* has chang'd my Mind;
She claim'd my Heart in ſuch a Charming way,
That to Refuſe was worſe then to Obey;
Gueſclin, She gives, to my coſt I prove,
New Rules in Beauty, and new Laws in Love.
Gueſc. This ſudden change I cannot, Sir, but dread,
The News of it will ſtrike *Valeria* dead.
King. Who on my Conqu'rours Beauty does reflect,
Will find the Cauſe does juſtifie th' Effect.
Gueſc. But why have you your Heart ſo ſoon reſign'd
To Outward Beauties till you knew the Mind.
King. Ah when the Mask was done, I quickly found
Her Mind was like her Eyes with Brightneſs Crown'd;
Such heightned Wit did in her Words appear;
As ſhe ſubdu'd my Heart too by my Ear:
'Twas vain alas to think of a Defence,
When ſhe had Charm'd my Soul in every Sence;
Then do not hope my Paſſion to remove,
But as thou art my Friend aſſiſt my Love.
Gueſc. Though I foreſee this Paſſion many ways
Will to your Fame and Freedom Trouble raiſe,
And that the Prince's Love obſtructs your way,
Yet, Sir, ſince you Command me I obey;
I'le make it Sir, my buſineſs now to win
Your Conqu'rours Confident fair *Cleorin*:
To Lovers, Sir, the Favorite Women are;
The ſame as Outworks to a Town of War;
Though to the Town compar'd but ſmall they look,
Yet thoſe once gain'd, the Place is ſooner took.
King. Go my dear *Gueſclin* then, and quickly try,
If Friendſhips wings as faſt as Love can Fly.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

The SCENE *is, The Prince's Chamber.*

The Prince and Delaware.

Prince, Oh *Delaware*, mine is ſo ſtrange a Grief,
As I nor Hope nor Wiſh to have Relief.
Dela. May you not to your Servant, Sir, declare
That Grief in which he begs to have a ſhare?
Pr. Ah why ſhould I that Grief to you impart,
Whoſe Trouble for it will more Wound my Heart;

With my own Sorrows I can ſcarce contend,
Adde not to theſe the Sorrows of my Friend.
Dela. Since you to me ſo high a Title give,
I humbly beg you by it to believe
Nothing to you ſo great a Grief can be
As this denial, Sir, would prove to me;
If, Sir, your Friendſhip Treats me at this rate,
'Twill make your Kindneſs wound me like your Hate.
Should I want Pow'r to make your Grief decline,
I'le not increaſe it by diſcloſing mine.
Pr. That deep Affliction under which I Groan
Cannot alas be eas'd by being known;
Yet ſince no proof you'l of my Friendſhip take,
But what your trouble and my own muſt make,
Rather then you ſhould fear the Truth of it,
I to that proof which you deſire ſubmit;
I doubt not you have heard how heretofore
The Fair *Plantagenet* I did Adore,
And that I had ſome ground to think that ſhe
Nor Cruel nor Ungrateful was to me;
Heav'n knows I Lov'd her with ſo chaſte a Flame
As I to Marry her did onely aim,
To which at laſt my Father did conſent,
When ſhe next day but one did marry *Kent*;
And which is worſe, if worſe then this can be,
She for it ne'r excus'd her ſelf to me.
Dela. To offer at it had increas'd th' abuſe,
Who could excuſe a fault above excuſe?
Pr. I who through all Wars dangers ought have paſt,
I who a thouſand times have Death out-fac'd,
In all thoſe Horrors did leſs Trouble ſee,
Then in *Plantagenets* inconſtancy.
Dela. 'Tis ſhe, not you, which ſhould her Change repent,
Since in her Sin ſhe found her Puniſhment.
Pr. Alas to me a ſad Revenge it prov'd,
To ſee her Ruin'd whom ſo much I Lov'd:
What worſe to me could She or Fortune do,
Then make her Puniſhment my Torment too;
A Torment which all others did out-do,
Since I who felt it cannot tell it you;
But yet at laſt Honour prevail'd ſo far,
As I forſook *Plantagenet* for War;
Hoping in War by Death to find Relief,
Or elſe in time to wear away my Grief.
Dela. In her Inconſtancy and in that War,
Heav'n ſhew'd it took of you a double Care;
With deathleſs Lawrels you have Crown'd your Head,
And miſt a Wife unworthy of your Bed.

Pr. How dare you talk of her at such a Rate,
For though her Usage might deserve my Hate,
Yet from her Eyes such conquering Light does break,
As none of her but with Respect should speak.
Dela. Forgive me if the sence, Sir, of your Wrong
Did force a Guilty Duty from my Tongue.
Pr. To her alone that suit you must prefer,
I dare not pardon an Offence to Her,
The Wrong I told thee of concerns not The.
Dela. Yes she in wronging you has injur'd me.
Pr. From such Discourse I charge you to refrain;
Be taught by me, t'Endure and not Complain;
If what I said thou dost so much deplore,
What I must say I find will grieve thee more;
For know she does again my Conqueror prove; [Dela *starts.*
I thought her Change had cur'd my injur'd Love;
But when last night I saw her Beauties Shine,
Resentment did to Love the Throne resigne;
And that deep Wound clos'd up by her Disdain
Was open'd by one Conquering Look again;
As when the Murd'rer does the Murder'd see,
The Corps will bleed afresh immediately.
Dela. Oh let it never of my Prince be said,
He yields to one by whom he was betraid!
Pr. I glory my Love that Wrong o'recame,
Then I can Grieve that I so injur'd am;
What to my Flame a Remedy can grant,
When her Inconstancy that Power does want?
I find, do what she will, in me she'll Reign,
Her Eyes give deeper Wounds then her Disdain:
Dela. What her Disdain did want the Power to do,
Let Honours Dictates now perswade you to:
And, Sir, to arm you for this just Assault,
Know she has said her Marriage was your Fault:
Ah 'twas enough the Injury to do,
Without attributing the Guilt to You.
Malice it self at nothing else could aim,
She kills your Love and then would kill your Fame.
And, Sir, to shew her Fault all Faults surpass,
She of the First makes use to act the Last.
Pr. Ah do not think this can my Love subdue,
Since what she charg'd me with I wish were True:
I at my Miseries would scarce repine,
Had I the Pow'r to make her Failings mine.
My Love for her would make me content,
To have her Guilt and my own Punishment;
Yet I have nam'd but half the Weight I bear:
My Father is in Love with her I hear;

And I am much miſtaken if laſt Night,
She the French King Subdu'd not at firſt Sight;
By which I find I muſt the Field maintain,
Againſt my King, my Friend, and her Diſdain.
But though worſe Croſſes ſhould my hopes befall,
My powr'ful Love would Overcome them all.
Diſſwade me not, but try for me to win
The Friendſhip of thy Siſter *Clearin*;
She moſt of all my Conqu'rours mind does ſway,
Reply not if thou Lov'ſt Me, but Obey. [*Exit Prince.*

Delaware *alone.*

Dela. Some Fatal Planet at my Birth did Reign,
Since all things which ſhould Cure, Augment my pain;
My Siſter who at laſt for me did get
To be the Favorite to *Plantagenet*,
Which from Deſpair till now my Soul did free,
My Prince makes uſe of now to ruine me;
My Love he aims not onely to deſtroy,
But to obtain that End does Me employ.
Not doing it I Diſobedience ſhow,
And if I do it, I my Love o'rethrow:
That Secret, dying *Kent* reveal'd to me;
Which rais'd my Hopes, now makes my Miſery.
My Miſtreſs! betray while tis conceal'd,
And ſhould betray my Love were it reveal'd;
What ever happens I muſt Wretched prove
For I muſt Loſe, or not deſerve her Love.
Thus from Wars Dangers Crown'd with Bays I riſe,
Onely to fall the greater Sacrifice;
Yet of a Remedy I will not doubt,
Love which has led me in may lead me out.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE *is, King* John's *Apartment.*

Enter King John *and a Page.*

Page. THE fair *Valeria* has her Brother sent
T' attend you Sir, in your imprisonment;
His Sister from the Duke of *Lancaster*
Obtain'd a Pass which brought him safely here;
He is but newly lighted at your Gate
And begs your leave that he on you may wait.
King. Valeria's Brother sure it cannot be.
Page. Sir, I but say the words he said to me.
King. Which of her Brothers is't?
Page.——That Brother, Sir;
Who, e're his face was hurt, resembled her.
King. Call him—— *Exit Page.*
How can I on the Brother look,
Whose Sister is by me so soon forsook?
But who the bright *Plantagenet* shall see,
Must be unjust or else must pardon me.

Enter the Page with Valeria's *Brother, whom the King embraces.*

King. You are so like your Sister, I should know
You were her Brother though none told me so:
She may increase my debt as she thinks fit,
But nothing can the Sence I have of it.
The Battel I have lost I hope that She
Ascribes to my ill Fate, and not to Me;
Fortune alas too Tyrannous would prove,
If what has lost my Crown should lose her Love.
Val. Bro. Since for your Mistress you of her made choice,
She at the loss, Sir, does almost rejoyce;
For it presents her with a proof that shows,
Her Love is past the reach of Fortunes Blows.
She'll grieve at nothing your ill Fate can do,
Unless at that which severs her from you.
King. Never Affection to this height did rise,
It proves her Love is matchless as her Eyes;
And makes me scarce repine at what I bear,
Since it does show how I am lov'd by her.

Val. Bro. She of her Love a higher Proof does ſhow,
In what ſhe has commanded me to do;
For, Sir, She knows that *England* ſtill affords
Beauties, which are Reſiſtleſs as her Swords,
And has enjoyn'd me if you here ſhould be
In Love, with any one more Fair then She,
I ſhould aſſiſt you, Sir, in your Amours,
And ſink her Happineſs, to Heighten yours.
King. She does at once in what ſhe bid you do
Declare her Love, and run no hazard too;
For he, who once is made *Valeria*'s prize,
Is arm'd againſt all Wounds from other Eyes.

Enter Gueſclin.

The King goes haſtily to meet him to the other ſide of the Theater: Valeria's Brother liſtning to them.

King. 'Tis with impatience, *Gueſclin*, I have ſtaid
To learn from you the Progreſs you have made.
Gueſc. In vain I try by Preſents, Sir, to win
Th' aſſiſtance of the Beauteous *Clearin*;
She, as I'me told, was preingag'd before.
King. Whoever told you that could tell you more.
Gueſc. By Gifts I won a Lady who of late
The Honour on your Miſtreſs had to wait,
Who told me and aſſur'd me it was true,
The Prince of *Wales* does love your Miſtreſs too.
King. In this my Cruel Fate on me does ſend
The greateſt curſe which I could apprehend,
Muſt I the Prince or elſe my Fortune blame,
Who thus does rival me in Love and Fame?
Gueſc. How can you juſtly, Sir, this News deplore
Since I but tell you what you thought before
'Tis the leaſt wonder does in Love befall,
To think a Miſtreſs is Ador'd by all.
I as a Lover to that thought was bound,
But now that Thought a Certainty is found;
Which juſtly in my Soul does grief infuſe,
Gueſc. She has acquainted me with ſtranger news,
She told me, Sir, this is the ſecond time,
The bright *Plantagenet* was lov'd by him.
He by deſpair to the French wars was ſent,
She leaving him to wed the Earl of *Kent*,
But ſhe the cauſe of it could not relate.
King. How ſtrange and intricate a Pow'r is Fate,
The Prince of *Wales* finds in a ſlighted Flame
The Nobleſt of all ways to raiſe his Fame;

Glory

Glory does heal what Love made him endure,
And his Diſpair preſents him with his Cure.
He miſt her Love a while, that he might be
More worthy of it by his Conquering Me;
A happy Planet at his Birth did Reign;
A ſeeming Loſs brings him a double Gain;
While Fate with me ſo cruelly does act,
As by one loſs a greater I contract,
Succeſsleſſe Love his way to Fame does prove,
And loſs of Fame does make my way to Love.

Gueſc. Your wrong your Vertue by this ſtrange Debate;
The Brave are ſtill the makers of their Fate;
'Tis onely, Sir, thoſe men whoſe Souls are low,
Which firſt made Fate and then to Fate did bow.
Nor War nor Love, Sir, are reſiſtleſs Powers,
Both have their Happy as Unhappy Hours;
But he who does for one Miſchance Diſpair,
Can ne'r be proſperous in Love or War.
As I have told you what has rais'd your Grief,
So now I will preſent you ſome Relief;
For my informer, Sir, to me has ſwore,
That though the Prince your Miſtreſs does Adore,
He hath not yet his Love to her diſclos'd,
She therefore, Sir, has hopefully propos'd,
That you this moment to the Prince would go
And let him from your ſelf this Paſſion know;
His Friendſhip for you and ſo great a Truſt
Will make him ceaſe to Love or be Unjuſt;
If, Sir, he does the firſt, your End you win,
And by the laſt make Rivalſhip no Sin:
This, Sir, which ſhe Propoſes I approve.

King. No Friendſhip ever yet could conquer Love,
He to that Paſſion vainly does pretend
Who can reſign his Miſtriſs to his Friend;
I ſcarce can reliſh what ſhe does adviſe,
It ſeems to me nor Generous, nor Wiſe,
For in vain hopes of what it ne'r will do
I clearer ſhall the leſſer Friendſhip ſhow;
My Friendſhip too were guilty of a Crime
Should his do more for me then mine for him.

Gueſc. But e're her Council, Sir, you diſapprove,
Conſider if you can forſake your Love.

King. Sooner then I my Paſſion will forgo
I will forſake my Crown and Friendſhip too.

Gueſc. Then pray, Sir, follow what ſhe does Adviſe,
And you will find tis Generous and Wiſe;
If to the Prince you firſt your Paſsion own
You firſt do that which he firſt ſhould have done.

And lay that blame on him while this you do,
Which juſtly elſe he might have charg'd on you:
Since you will Court the Miſtreſs of your Friend
This is the faireſt way to reach your End.

King. I will approve that which you laſt did ſay.
And to attempt it will no time delay.

[*Exeunt* King, Gueſclin *and* Page.

Val. Bro. In which of both does he not Guilty prove,
In his diſſembling, or his change of Love?
There is but one way left that I can ſee
To Cure or Puniſh his Inconſtancy.——————— *Exit.*

Enter Plantagenet *and* Cleorin.

Cleo. *Gueſclin* did ſhew no little diſcontent
When I refus'd the Gifts his King had ſent,
VVho ſince this way he does ſucceſsleſs prove.
He will himſelf declare to you his Love;
And, Madam, I believe King *Edward* too
VVill ſuddenly diſcloſe his Flame to you.

Plan. Oh *Cleorin* how cruel is my Fate
That thoſe ſhould Love me moſt whom moſt I Hate,
And he whom moſt I Love, ſpight of his Fault,
I fear, of me ſcarce does admit a Thought,

Enter to them Aliza *and* Sovina.

Aliz. Excuſe me, Madam, if I take this time
T'accuſe your Beauty of a ſeeming Crime:
That Friendſhip which on me you did beſtow
Does make it juſt I ſhould yet call it ſo.

Plan. Madam, I am ſurpriz'd at what you ſay,
For that great Friendſhip which to you I pay,
Does make me confident I ne'r could do
What may be call'd a ſeeming Crime by you.
Let me but know my Charge, and you will ſee
You are more Faulty in ſuſpecting me.

Aliz. From the firſt hour in which you did deſcend
To bleſs me with the Title of your Friend,
I ſo much valu'd it as Heaven does know
I ſtrove to Merit what you did beſtow,
Which makes what e'r I did in ſerving you
To be at once my Joy and Duty too.
And though your Goodneſs often would confeſs
I ſerv'd you above all you could expreſs,
Yet I was higher Griev'd I did no more,
Then I was Pleas'd with all I did before,

Plan.

Plan. Madam, to prove my Debt you need not ſtrive,
I'le own my ſelf the ungratefull'ſt Soul alive,
If ſince our Friendſhip I did e're admit
A thought which might but ſeem unfit for it.
Aliz. Ah, Madam, can you ſay what now you do,
And have your Face exempt from bluſhes too?
Or do you think it is a Friendly thing
To rob me of my Lover and my King?
One, who till now preſerv'd ſo pure a Flame
As made him greater for his Love, then Fame;
If this be held a Friendly Act by you,
Purſue ſuch friendly Acts, and kill me too;
To me a much leſs Cruelty 'twould prove
To rob me of my Life, than of my Love;
For our paſt Friendſhips ſake you ſhould not give
Wounds worſe than Death, and after let me live:
Your Cruelty grants half of my Requeſt,
Then let your Pity, Madam, grant the reſt:
Accept this Weapon, and no longer ſhun
To let your Hand cure what your Eyes have done.

Preſents her a Dagger.

Plan. I am amaz'd at what you ſay and do,
I'le ſooner wound my ſelf with it than you.
Aliz. Ah, 'tis your kindneſs to the King I ſee
Hinders your granting what is beg'd by me;
His Image. Madam, you but love too well,
You fear to ſtrike the Shrine where it does dwell;
But for that Reaſon what I ask, diſpence,
Since onely Death can baniſh it from thence;
Elſe to your Conqueſt 'twill ſome trouble give
To know he in your Rivals heart does live.
Plan. Can you believe I'll ſhare that Monarchs Bed
By whoſe Command my Father loſt his Head?
My Father who was Unkle too to him,
And who in Vertue to ſuch height did climb,
As a whole day he on the Scaffold ſtood,
E're they could find out one would ſhed his Blood;
King *Edwards* double Guilt my Soul does fright,
Firſt he uſurp'd on his own Fathers right,
Then ſtain'd a Scaffold with his Unkles gore
For ſtriving his wrong'd Brother to reſtore.
Aliz. You ſhould not charge your Fathers death on him,
Since 'twas his Pow'r, not he, which did that Crime;
His Counſellors, while he was under age,
Cloath'd with his name th' injuſtice of their rage;
For which, when he had reach'd his Fourteenth year,
He put to death the Guilty *Mortimer*,

And to appeaſe you for that Murth'rers Sin;
He now does Court you to become his Queen.
Plan. I thought from Nature you had underſtood
There's no Atonement for a Fathers Blood:
Then do not think I'le ever condeſcend
At once to injure Nature and my Friend.
Aliz. Have you forgot how you were almoſt won,
Madam, to wed your Father's Murth'rers Son?
It onely Love prevail'd ſo far with you,
What cannot Love, and thirſt of Empire do.
Plan. Into a high Injuſtice I had run
Had I aſcrib'd the Kings Guilt to his Son.
Aliz. You with a worſe Injuſtice can diſpence,
You charge the King with *Mortimers* offence;
A Fathers Guilt a Son may undergo,
But Kings partake not Sins which Subjects do.
Plan. If on the Prince his Birth a Guilt did lay,
He with his Tears did waſh that Guilt away.
Aliz. The Princes Grief was Weak, the Kings was Strong,
The Prince Deplor'd, the King reveng'd your Wrong;
The King did more if rightly underſtood,
The Son gave you but Tears, the Father Blood.
Plan. 'Twill eaſier to a cruel Prince appear,
To ſpill a Subjects Blood, then ſhed a Tear:
But thoſe true ſhow'rs wept by the Prince of *Wales*
To judge him Innocent with me prevails.
Aliz. This does but ſhew the King what he ſhould Do,
He need but Weep to be judg'd Guiltleſs too;
Or if yet Guilty held, with little Pain
A Lovers Tears will waſh off any Stain.
Plan Though your not Crediting what I have ſpoke
My juſt Reſentment does too much provoke.
Yet that you may my Friendſhip clearly ſee,
Ev'n while you ſhew that you have none for me,
Since what I ſaid has not prevail'd with you,
I will convince you by this ſolemn Vow:
I ſwear the King nor any e're to me
Mention'd that Love which makes your Jealouſie;
And ſhould he e're for me a Paſſion have,
Rather than wed the King, I'le wed my Grave:
Theſe Vows your Friendſhip ſhould to me reſtore.
Sev You cannot ask, nor can ſhe promiſe more.
Cleo. Such Vows as theſe ſhould your Belief perſwade,
And Friendſhip thus renew'd is ſtronger made.
Aliz. Ah, Madam, now my Trouble is more high
Then it was lately by my Jealouſie;
You could impoſe no Penance ſo Sublime,
As thus to ſhew me and Forgive my Crime.

What

What ends one Pain a greater does begin,
Since all my Grief for your imagin'd Sin
Did not so much my wounded Mind subdue,
As does the Grief of having Injur'd you:
Yet who can wonder that I jealous grew
Of so much Beauty and such Vertue too;
The perfectness of both you now have shown,
The Last has pardon'd what the First has done.

Plan. If what I did might to Reward pretend;
You give the greatest, being still my Friend.

[*Embraces her.*

Aliz. And may I be depriv'd of Life and Fame,
When e're again I lose that Glorious Name. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, *and Lord* Latymer *as in Discourse.*

Laty. To me th' assurance she did twice repeat.
King. What! that my Son Adores *Plantagenet*?
Laty. And with a Passion, Sir, that does appear
More fierce than that which he first paid to her.
King. Ah can he be so mean to Love again
One who his former Passion did Disdain?
One who was guilty of so strange a Crime,
As to give *Kent* that Heart she promis'd him?
And that her scorn she might the more display,
Wedded a Rival on his Wedding day;
At least that day which was for him design'd.
Laty. Love never was to Reasons Rules confin'd,
For 'tis a Passion, Sir, which onely knows
Such Laws as on it self it will Impose.
King. But Honour should oblige him to abhor
One, by whose Guilt he was betray'd before.
Laty. A Lover thinks that no Dishonour lies
In twice submitting to his Mistress Eyes.
We soon with Love and Fortune reconcile,
When either of them after frowning smile.
King. Oh *Latymer*, the News thou dost impart
Does with a double Wound afflict my Heart;
First that my Son by such a Love should dare
To blast those Glories he has won in War;
Then that his Flames should be to her Address'd
Without whose Love I never can be Blest—— ——*Laty. starts.*
Why dost thou start? is it so strange a thing
That so much Beauty should subdue thy King?
Rather admire I did not sooner bow
To such bright Eyes, then that I do it now;
The greatest Men that e're the World did Grace
Have still allow'd to Love the Highest Place;

Cæsar.

Ceſar, who gained many a Glorious Field,
Yet did to *Cleopatra*'s Beauties yield.

Laty. Had he not won many a Glorious Field,
That Love had been but as his weakneſs held;
His Conqueſts make us think his Soul Sublime,
And many Victories excuſe one Crime.

King. Whatever in my Love is judg'd amiſs,
I'le expiate by Actions Great as his.

Laty. But how, Sir, can you well condemn your Son
For doing that which by your ſelf is done,
Since both of you intend the ſame deſign.

King. His Caſe my Lord does differ much from mine.
For though we both *Plantagenet* Adore,
Yet he has been betray'd by her before:
The diff'rence is exceeding great you ſee,
She has affronted him, but conquer'd me;
Love is at worſt a Noble Frailty thought,
But Love when ſcorn'd is juſtly held a fault.

Laty. May I be pardon'd if I ſpeak my heart?

King. What e're you think you freely may impart.

Laty. May not the Prince then, Sir, as juſtly ſay
You are more faulty to *Alizia*?
You ceaſe to love her in whoſe Heart you Reign'd,
And he but loves her who his Love diſdain'd;
He with the beſt of Loves extreams is curſt,
But you ſeem guilty of the very worſt;
His fault is, Sir, the leſſer of the two,
You too inconſtant are, and he too true.

King. O do not wound me by reminding things
Which rather Trouble than Repentance brings.

Laty. The Fault which you Confeſs will you Purſue?

King. We ſhould not Sin, and yet we daily do;
I owe *Alizia* more then you can ſay,
But what I owe her I want pow'r to pay:
Plantagenet ſhould onely wonders do,
She makes my Fault, and does excuſe it too.

Enter to them the Prince *and* Delaware.

Prince. Sir, I am come to make you a Requeſt
Which if deny'd I never can be Bleſt;
'Tis a Requeſt I beg you to admit,
And beg your pardon too, for making it.

King. I'le grant what e're you ask, though ne'r ſo great,
If it does not concern *Plantagenet*.

Pr. Sir, it relates to her in ſome degree,
But it exceedingly relates to me.

King. Then you are come, I doubt, to ask again
My leave, that ſhe may twice your Love diſdain,

Since

Since there is nothing else I can believe
Unfit for you to Ask, or me to Give,
And yet that Sin, Honour should so detest,
As you should never make it your Request.
Pr. If 'tis a Sin to love her, Sir, I fear
That every Man must Sin that looks on her.
King. Loving of her which is her Beauties Due
From any other, is a Sin in you.
Pr. How can it, Sir, by you be justly thought
That what is Mankinds Duty is my Fault.
King. You know what scorn she did to you dispence,
And in such ways as heightn'd the offence;
Without the blemish of that double Stain,
She had within your heart deserv'd to Reign;
Pr. But had not I through those fierce Tryals run,
I had not Merited what I have Won.
King. Too far she in those guilty Trials went,
When she abandon'd you to marry *Kent*;
Pr. His Fate is Nobler who deserves, but fails;
Then his, who merits not, and yet prevails.
King. But those fierce Tryals which she us'd you to
Makes her incapable to Merit you;
For should she love you now 't would be too late;
The wrongs of Honour what can expiate?
Pr. Her Love, when e're confer'd, will over-pay
The affronts of Scorn and Tortures of Delay;
Against her Beauties 'twere the greatest Fault
To think her Love can be too dearly bought.
King. Rather that cruell'st Injury she gave
Should all your scorn and all your Hatred have;
Then do not hope I ever will allow
That by my leave she twice should injure you,
Ask all those Provinces your sword has won,
Ask me to share with you the English Crown,
And that true Kindness which does me dispose
Still to deny you Her, would grant you Those.
Pr. The Empire of the World I should disdain,
Unless *Plantagenet* with me did Reign;
No Charms would in that Throne to me appear,
Without I had your leave to place Her there;
But if you grant me what I now implore,
I cannot Ask, nor can you Give me more.
King. When first her Beauties in your Heart did Reign,
I had design'd to Marry you in *Spain*.
And the consent I of Don *Pedro* won,
By which you had succeeded to his Crown;
But by affection for you I was led
To give you leave *Plantagenet* to Wed.

What act of greater Kindneſs could be ſhown,
Then yield, your Love ſhould looſe ſo fair a Throne?
You have loſt *Spain* by your firſt fatal Flame,
And by your ſecond you will loſe your Fame.
Thoſe Wreaths which Conquer'd *France* for you have made
By ſuch a guilty Fire will quickly fade.

Pr. I doubt not, Sir, but by my Sword to gain
As large a Monarchy as that of *Spain*.
Fortune the Valiant may to Thrones preſer,
But 'tis by ſufferings I muſt Conquer her.

King. Ah Prince, ſince nor your Reaſon nor your Fame
Can cure you of ſo criminal a Flame,
I'le try if my Commands can make you do
What Fame and Reaſon cannot lead you to;
I here enjoyn you, Son, by every thing,
Which binds you to your Father and your King,
This ſinful Love without delay decline,
Which ſhould your Horror cauſe as well as mine;
For if this Paſſion longer you purſue,
You'll loſe your Fame, your King and Father too.

Exeunt King *and Lord* Latymer.

Pr. Two Ills he offers, one he bids me chooſe,
I muſt my Miſtreſs or my Father looſe;
Why ſhould he ſtrive by Nature to remove
The higheſt bond of Nature, that of Love?
Though Nat'ral 'tis t'Obey a Fathers call,
Yet to love her is much more Natural;
Since he would have me yield to Natures ſway,
Where ſhe moſt Rules there I ſhou'd moſt obey?

Dela. Since She, your King, your Father, and your Friend
Oppoſe your Love, give to your Love an End,
Any of them the Conqueſt ought to Win,
Then to oppoſe all Four will prove a Sin.

Pr. Ah *Delaware*, the Sin were much more great,
Should I now ceaſe to love *Plantagenet*,
Then I to kill my ſelf muſt needs conſent
My Love and Life being of like extent.

Dela. Your Paſſon is unjuſt while 'tis ſo great,
You pay Loves ſcore with what is Natures debt;
If in your Love ſo prodigal you are,
With what, Sir, will you pay your Fathers Care?

Pr. Ah 'tis his Love for her, not Care for me,
Which makes him Treat me with ſuch Cruelty;
Againſt all Rules of Juſtice he does goe,
Making himſelf both Judge and Party too;
If to Love her who wrong'd me, be a Crime,
The ſelf-ſame cauſe makes Love a fault in him.

Dela.

Dela. More by a King and Father may be done
Then may be by a Subject, and a Son;
Let calmer Thoughts you to your Duty bring,
Pronounce the names of Father and of King
With that respect which is to either due,
And yield to those Effects 'twill work in you,
Those pow'rful Names will then Victorious be.
Prin. I find in either dwells Divinity.
For nothing less of force enough could prove
To hinder me to speak to her I Love.
This is the very utmost I can do;
And this Heav'n knows will prove my Torment too.
Dela. Silence, Sir, is but half of what you owe,
You should suppress your Inclination too.
Pr. My Inclinations must be let alone,
For though 'tis Mine, yet it is not my own.
Dela. Onely to Lovers this Distinction's known;
How can it, Sir, be yours, and not your own?
Pr. Subjects who from their King the Pow'r have got
Are still his Subjects though he rules them not.
Oh Friend, in my Condition there appears
Two Motions like to those which rule the Sphears;
My Love the Rapid Motion I may call,
My Duty to my King the Natural,
Which while it does its Reg'lar Course obey,
Loves Rapid Motion hurries it away.

Exeunt

The End of the Third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The Scene opening, King Edward *and Lord* Latymer *appear in a Garden discoursing.*

Lat. SIr, 'tis past doubt, th' Intelligence is true.
King. What the French King the Princes Rival too!
Lat. And to so great a height, as I believe
A period to their Friendship it will give;
For never any yet could soar above
The fierce Resentments of a Rivals Love.
King. Friendship between them two can hardly be
Of so much strength as Nature is in me;
Since Love in me does Nature's Force subdue,
Doubt not in them 'twill Conquer Friendship too;

'Tis

'Tis the Prerogative of her bright Eyes
For Love of them to break all other ties.
Lat. Is it then juſt you on the Prince ſhould lay
Commands above his Pow'r, Sir, to obey?
King. Oh *Latymer*, I grant I am to blame,
But 'tis not Love alone does me inflame;
Glory in that I act does bear a part,
Glory does fire my Mind, as Love my Heart;
Nothing for me ſeems Worthy to Purſue,
But what my Son Attempting fail'd to do:
Since he to ſuch an envied Fame does riſe,
Mine will burn dimme if it out-ſhine not his.
Lat. Oh, Sir, can you who have ſuch Glory won
Grow jealous of the Glory of your Son.
King. He never Glory lov'd who could admit
Of any thing which might Out-rival it,
From this Reſolve nothing can me remove;
Nature muſt yield to Glory and to Love.

Enter King John *and the* Prince, *who locks the Garden-door.*

Lat. Sir, I perceive the Prince and the French King,
Something important does them hither bring,
For they are come alone and lock the Gate;
If, Sir, conceal'd awhile you here will wait,
Perhaps you'll learn what in their Loves they'll Do.
King. That's a diſcourſe deſerves my liſt'ning to.

{*King* Edward *and Lord* Latymer *conceal themſelves behind the Scene.*

King Jo. 'Tis ſuch a Secret as ſhall clearly ſhow
The perfect Friendſhip which to you I owe,
Since what to tell my ſelf is ſcarcely fit
I to your Secreſie ſhall now commit.
Pr. Though nothing can to me more pleaſure give,
Then proofs, Sir, of your Friendſhip to receive,
Yet among Friends there may ſuch Secrets be,
As to diſcloſe them were an Injury;
But you too well the Laws of Friendſhip know,
And are too generous to uſe me ſo.
King Jo. That Friend muſt to himſelf appear Unjuſt
Who takes as Injuries the Marks of Truſt;
Yet tell me, Sir, what can that Secret be
Which to reveal would be an Injury.
Pr. Should you have brib'd your Guards to ſet you free,
'T would be an Injury to tell it me;
For I ſhould be, whatever I ſhould do,
Falſe to my King and Father, or to you.

King Jo.

King Fo. Could I corrupt or elſe his Guards deceive,
I'de not return to *France* without his leave,
That Generous Uſage he to me does ſhow
Secures me here more then his Guards can do,
And though this Bond do ſtrong enough appear,
Yet a far ſtronger does confine me here.
By your great Friendſhip, Sir, I here am tyd'e,
But tell me freely is there ought beſide
Which by a Friend a Secret may be thought,
Which told a Friend, his Friend may think a Fault?

Pr. Yes, Sir, yet I will mention but one more;
Suppoſe two Friends one Beauty did adore; *Looking fixedly on the King.*
If he, whoſe Heart her Eyes the laſt o'recame,
Should to his Rival Friend diſcloſe his Flame,
He well might think the injury was great.

King. I hope you do not love *Plantagenet*?

Pr. Yes, Sir, I do, and with a Love ſo high
As it can never ceaſe until I die.

King. Ah, Since you love her and to that Degree,
Why was your Paſſion not reveal'd to me?
Telling you firſt ſhe does my Conquerour prove,
You make your Friendſhip guiltier then my Love.

Pr. Why ſhould I tell you what you needs muſt know,
For whoſoever ſees muſt love her too.

King. Since ſuch high Pow'r does to her Eyes belong,
Think not in loving her I do you wrong.

Pr. To love ſuch Charming Eyes no wrong can be;
But 'tis a wrong to tell your Love to me.

King. Since all who look on her ſhe muſt ſubdue,
Is it a wrong to tell you what you knew?
Becauſe you thought your Love was known to me,
You judg'd your Silence was no Injury;
But I, as ſoon as I her Lover grew,
Judg'd it a Duty, Sir, to tell it you:
Conſider which of us has done the worſt.

Pr. I who firſt ſaw her muſt have lov'd her firſt,
Therefore my Paſſion muſt be known to you.

King. I heard you lov'd Her, and ſhe lov'd you too,
But afterwards ſhe did inconſtant prove,
And I believ'd that Wrong had cur'd your Love.

Pr. Her Beauties were unworthy my eſteem,
If any thing more pow'rful were then Them.

King. Knowing their Pow'rs, admire not if you ſee
That Love more ſtrong then Friendſhip is in me.

Pr. Yet ſince I to her Beauties firſt did bow,
Your Love's a Wrong to me, not mine to you.

King Fo. Affronts the ties of Friendſhip may undo,
Yet you ſtill love her though ſhe injur'd you;

You clearly have declar'd in what you did,
That her fair Eyes does Friendſhips ſtrength exceed;
And ſhe who ſpight of Wrongs Triumphs o're you,
Triumph's o're me in ſpight of Friendſhip too.
Since ſhe o're you the greateſt Pow'r has ſhewn,
Blaming my Paſſion you more blame your own;
Our Love in both or neither is amiſs;
Yours above wrongs, mine above Friendſhip is;
But the ſucceſs of mine I may diſpair,
Since now I know that you my Rival are;
I with Diſgrace am cloath'd, but you with Fame,
Which makes me merit Pity more then Blame.

Pr. How can I, Sir, that Pity give to you,
Which to my own Caſe is more juſtly due?
Beſides her change for which my Soul does mourn,
Beſides my Friend who does my Rival turn,
As high an Ill as both of theſe I feel.

King. May you that Secret, Sir, to me Reveal?
To me who though as Rival you may blame,
Yet I your Friend more than your Rival am;
For at this Name I Grieve, at that Rejoyce,
This is th' effect of Force, but that of Choice. [*Embracing him.*

Pr. Oh I did err, and in a high degree,
Repining that you Rival were to me,
Since 'tis more fit that pain I ſhould abide
Then that her Eyes this Triumph were deny'd;
As both in Love and Friendſhip I exceed,
So both diſdain in common Paths to tread;
Unjuſt to Her and Love I ſhould appear,
Would I without a Rival conquer her;

King. This Declaration I unmov'd receive,
Since you be your Rival give me leave,
But to *Plantagenet* ſhould prove unkind,
Yet in my Friendſhip I ſome eaſe ſhall find;
For ſhould the worſt of Fortunes be my ſhare,
Your Trophies I ſhould raiſe in Love as War:
Thus I by Friendſhips Pow'r ſhall be ſupply'd
With what to me my Fate and Love deny'd;
My Friendſhip for you nothing can impair
Since it ſtands firm, though you my Rival are;
For I who beſt her Beauties pow'r do know,
Find your excuſe from thence for being ſo;
And to confirm this Truth, I now will ſhow
That Secret to you, which you aſk'd to know.

Pr. Thoſe conquering Beauties which did us ſubdue
Have made my Father turn my Rival too.

King. I thought he Lov'd the fair *Alizia.*

Pr. And, Sir, I thought you lov'd *Valeria.*

King.

King. Our Conquerours Eyes muſt every Heart reduce,
In my own Fate I find the Kings excuſe.
Pr. 'Tis ſhe alone with the high Pow'r is bleſt
Of captivating Freedoms prepoſſeſs'd.
King. She does in the ſame Fate, ſuch is her Pow'r,
Involve the Conquer'd and the Conquerour.
Pr. But 'tis not, Sir, at this that I repine,
I know where e're her Beauties pleaſe to ſhine,
They ought to Conquer as their Native right,
Me by his Rivalſhip he does not fright;
For 'tis her choice alone which can improve
The higheſt Lover to deſerve her Love:
And, Sir, my Flame which brighteſt ſhall appear,
Would make it Sin ſhould I a Rival fear;
But that which does my ſoul with Grief ſubdue,
Is his forbidding me to Love her too:
Oh why ſhould the Paternal Right oppoſe
The Nobler Right which Love on her beſtows.
King. Oh Prince, your Caſe is difficult I ſee,
He ſhould have treated you, as you treat me;
But in the fatal ſtrait which you are in,
You muſt againſt your Love or Nature ſin;
What reſolution think you to purſue?
Pr. Ah, 'tis much eaſier to reſolve than Do;
For once I thought I could ſo far obey,
As ſilently to Mourn my life away;
But Love the Monarch Paſſion of the Soul
That Reſolution quickly did controul;
Making me find that her Triumphant Eyes,
Are much more pow'rful then all Natures ties:
Yet that no odds of you I may receive
But what my greater Love to me does give,
I let you know on her this night I'le wait,
And from her Sentence I'le receive my Fate:
Sir, if you pleaſe, you may go there with me,
And both together learn our Deſtiny;
I hope if mine does prove a happy doom,
My Father by ſubmiſſion to o'recome;
But if a fatal Doom ſhe does diſpence;
That will Revenge my Diſobedience.
King. Since you allow me, I on you will wait
Of that bright Beauty to receive my Fate,
Though I already cannot but foreſee
The certain Ruine that muſt fall on me:
For ſhe muſt be Unjuſt as ſhe is Fair,
If of her Love ſhe makes me not Diſpair;
Or if ſhe ſhould me with her Favour bleſs,
Your Grief for it will kill my Happineſs;

Fate neither way to me does hope allow.

Prin. The value of her Love you injure now,
Since whoſoe're her Favour does poſſeſs
Is paſt the reliſh of unhappineſs——

King. If of her Love ſuch thoughts I do admit,
My height'ned Friendſhip is the cauſe of it;
And, Sir, you are oblig'd by Honours Laws
T'excuſe Effects where Friendſhip is the cauſe.

Prin. Admire not that my Rival I reprove,
For too much Friendſhip, and too little Love;
But pardon me, ſince I therein expreſs
I prize her Right above my Happineſs.

King. Ah generous Prince, ſuch Vertues ſhine in you,
That you in Love as War muſt all ſubdue.

Prin. Since, Sir, together we reſolve to go,
And from *Plantagenet* our Fate to know,
'Tis fit that we no longer ſhould defer
To beg her leave this night to wait on her.

King. But e're we know the Sentence ſhe will give,
Let us from one another, Sir, receive
A mutual Vow that ſtill we Friends will be.

Prin. That to our Friendſhip were an injury;
It is its own ſecurity you know,
And does more ſtrongly bind than any Vow;
Againſt our Friendſhip Love in vain contends,
For though we Rivals are, we'll both be Friends;
Yet give your Friend that pity he does ſeek,
Who to obey Loves Law muſt Natures break.

[*Exeunt.*

King Edward *and Lord* Latymer.

King. Never an Act ſo Inſolent was done,
Affronted by my Priſ'ner and my Son!
Both know *Plantagenet* is lov'd by me,
And yet my Rivals both preſume to be;
In my revenging it I'le loſe no Time,
Their Sufferings ſhall be equal to their Crime;
I'le make them feel that 'tis a dangerous thing
To dare to court the Miſtreſs of a King.

Lat. I beg you, not for their ſakes but your own,
Let firſt this ſtorm of Anger be o'reblown,
E're you determine what is fit to do,
Then ſuch Reſolves you ſafely may purſue.
If Patience guide you not, they will eſteem,
Your Paſſion onely, Sir, does puniſh them.

King. Delay, in the Affront they caſt on me,
Would be not Patience, but Stupidity.

Lat.

Lat. Consider, I beseech you, Sir, how they
The Pow'r of Love not Reasons Pow'r obey.
Such strange Effects that Passion does produce,
As for all Faults Love is its own excuse;
Love does our Noblest Faculties controul,
'Tis in effect the Feaver of the Soul.

King. My Lord, such talk as this I'le not admit,
Share not their Guilt by thus excusing it,
But follow them and let them understand
They now are both confin'd by my Command:
This night in which their Love they should have shown,
I am determin'd to declare my own;
Since by their Love my Pow'r they injure so,
I by my Pow'r their Love will punish too.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Plantagenet, Delaware, Clerin.

The SCENE Plantagenets *Chamber.*

Dela. Those Fires of Love have still most tort'ring been,
Which though they highly burn'd, have burn'd unseen,
And under those which I discover'd now,
For many years my conquer'd Heart did bow;
Admire not yet I could so long disguise
From your own sight the acting of your Eyes;
For though the Sun on the Earths face but shines,
Yet by his Influence he does ripen Mines;
Your Eyes, which shine at least as bright as he,
Perform like him things which you could not see,
But yet this Breast in which your Beauty shin'd
May boast of Love purer than Gold Refin'd;
Your Eyes alone perform within my Heart
More than the Sun on Mines though help'd by Art:
As it was just my Love I should display,
So 'tis as just your Will I should obey;
Which I shall do when you but speak the word,
Though 'twere to pierce my Heart with my own Sword,
And nothing in that Action I shall fear
But to offend your Image which is there.

Plan. My Lord, I think you from your Sister know
The Friendship which I always had for you,
Yet since your words th' occasion does admit,
I will my self give you a proof of it:
Though your declaring of your Love for me
Is in it self no little Injury,
Yet for my Friendships sake I'le pardon you,
If you th' offence will not again pursue.

Dela. Madam, your Juſtice ſhould this Uſage blame,
You cloud your Cruelty with Friendſhips name,
As Judges to the tortur'd Reſpite give,
To lengthen Pain, but not to make them live;
Such Uſage yet were for that Servant fit
Who durſt Adore you and not tell you it,
Though 'tis ſome guilt to ſay I die for you,
Yet is that Guilt, Madam, a Duty too:
Ah Madam, ſure you ought not to deny
To take the Debt, or bid the Debtor die;
Your Sentence is too heavy or too Light,
You either ſhould me Kill, or Save, or Quit.

Plan. Since by your ſelf, my Lord, I now am told,
Your Love for me is more refin'd than Gold,
I'le put it to a Trial but ſo vaſt,
As never yet that courted Metal paſt;
Know then, my Love for which ſo much you ſtrive
Is not, alas, in my own pow'r to give:
The Prince of *Wales*——————

Dela. In Pity ſay no more,
Fate never had a Curſe like this in ſtore,
Rais'd to the Charming'ſt Hope of all the World,
Into Deſpair I now from thence am hurl'd,
You keep that Word to which your ſelf you ty'd,
And try me more then ever Gold was try'd;
That Glittering Earth, when it has paſs'd the Fire,
Is the Refiners Wonder and Deſire;
But I, having Loves Fiery Tryal paſt,
Like the neglected Droſs away am caſt.

Cleo. Oh Brother, had not Love your Mind deprav'd,
You'd think you were not caſt away but Sav'd;
The Crime you act ſhe calmly does reform.

Dela. Ah! ſuch a Calm is worſe than any Storm.

Cleo. How can the Princeſs more obliging prove
Than to give Friendſhip when ſhe cannot Love.

Dela. Oh Siſter, he who to her Love aſpires,
To nothing leſs can limit his Deſires;
Loves pow'r muſt always Friendſhips pow'r out-doe,
For Love at once is Love and Friendſhip too.

Cleo. You ſhould with Joy what ſhe beſtows receive,
She gives in Friendſhip all ſhe has to give,
And to convince you hers is Great and True,
She the firſt hour her Secrets truſts with you.

Dela. Since to receive my Love ſhe does deny,
She by her Anger ought to make me die;
That's the beſt proof of Friendſhip ſhe can give,
And therefore that alone I can receive.

He for her Love does grant himself unfit,
Who can be won t'outlive the loss of it.

Plan. What I have yet perform'd can but pretend
To let you see how much I am your Friend.
But that, my Lord, which now I do design
Shall let you see how much I think you mine;
For by your Council and Assistance too,
The life of all my Hopes I will pursue.
Admire not shame thus in my Face prevails,
When I confess I love the Prince of *Wales*
For though th' Affront which I from him receiv'd,
Does make me blush that after it I liv'd,
Yet I, whether by weakness or by Fate,
Still Love that Prince whom I ought most to Hate;
And how that Love with Honour to pursue,
Is that in which I ask advice of you; ——————*Dela. starts.*
For he esteems you in such high Degree,
As you the fittest are to give it me.

Dela. Oh Fate! oh Love! why do you both agree,
To give such Beauty so much Cruelty?
Is't not enough my Flame is scorn'd by you,
But you would make me help my Rival too?
And my Resentments higher to inflame,
These Wrongs you do me under Friendships name;
Madam, if this, if this your Friendship be,
Ah give me proofs then of your Cruelty;
Either bestow on me your Love or Hate
This Tyranny surpasses that of Fate;
Fate onely made me wretched, but 'tis you
Alas would have me make my self so too.
To Love you is a Confidence so high,
As I for it do not refuse to die:
But do not let your doom be so severe
As thus to make me my own Murtherer;
From those fair Eyes which did my Love create
I beg I may alone receive my Fate.

Plan. Oh why should you be griev'd to this Degree?
Love, which does govern you, does govern me;
'Tis Love gives Laws to us, not we to it,
And to this boundless Pow'r we must submit;
Since by its Influence of my Love you miss,
I give you that which of next value is,
And hope by Friendships kindness to remove
Your Grief for wanting Pow'r to give you Love.

Dela. Ah Madam, How can you that Friendship prize
Which could destroy the Conquest of your Eyes?
And would against its nature make it prove
A Rivals help, and Murtherer of Love.

'Tis

'Tis past the pow'r of Friendship to bestow
Such Joys as those 'twould ravish from me now,
Yet think not strange that I deny to you
What I deny'd my Prince and General too
For your triumphant Eyes, since his return,
Have made his Fire once quench'd more fiercely burn;
This Fatal Secret he to me confess'd,
And unobey'd made me the like request;
But yet your Cruelty does his surpass,
He did not know that I his Rival was;
But you who knew it, strive to make me do
What known to him Love had not forc'd him to;
Fortune both ways my Torments does advance,
By Friendships Knowledge and its Ignorance.

Plan. Ah! that blest Secret which I learn from you
Makes me with greater Hopes my Suit renew;
For 'twere below your Vertue to undo
At once, my Lord, a Friend and Mistress too.
Sure to that man Loves Pow'r was never known
Who valued not her Joys above his own.
Consider, since I lov'd him while I thought
That his Inconstancy did cause his Faults,
If any other Love my Breast can fill,
When from your self I find he loves me still:
Since 'tis my Fate onely the Prince to love,
Since therefore all your hopes must fruitless prove,
Assist your Prince and Mistress in distress,
And help that Love which nothing can suppress;
Quenching by such a Gen'rous Act your Flame,
From your Misfortune you'l increase your Fame.
Retire, my Lord, and think on what I said,
I know, when Love does once the Heart invade,
So pow'rful is that passions influence,
As 'tis not easily remov'd from thence,
But when alone you weigh what's ask'd by me,
Reason and Honour must victorious be.

Dela. Oh Madam, though the Trouble be not light
Of being thus commanded from your sight,
Yet that torments me in a less degree
Then those Desires which here you lay on me:
Yet e're I go this sacred Vow receive,
I to obey you, Madam, will so strive,
As, If I can, my Flame I will suppress,
And on my Ruine raise your Happiness;
But if I quench not Fires which you create,
Accept the Duty, and deplore the Fate. [*Exit* Delawire.

Plan. Go, my dear *Clarvis*, and lose no time,
Improve th' Impression I have made on him,

For

For that bleſt Secret he reveal'd to me
Shews that on him depends my Deſtiny.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Gueſclin *haſtily, who meets* Delaware.

Gueſc. My Lord, I have been ſeeking you with news
Which will at once Horror and Grief infuſe,
My King and your Great Prince are both confin'd.
Dela. From what black Coaſt blows this tempeſtuous Wind?
Gueſc. By the Lord *Latymer* I underſtand,
They are impriſon'd by your Kings Command.
Dela. The cauſe of it, did he not let you know?
Gueſc. 'Tis what he could not, or elſe would not do;
Let us by ſev'ral ways imploy our care,
Firſt to diſcover why they Priſoners are,
That known, we may more hopefully apply
To this Misfortune a quick Remedy.
Dela. Let's haſten to this Work, for 'twere a Crime
In ſerving them to loſe one moments time.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

The SCENE *is* *Bed-Chamber.*

Plantagenet *and* Valeria's *Brother ſitting, and in Diſcourſe.*

Val. Bro. Th' Aſſurance, Madam, which to me you give
With Joys above expreſsion I receive;
'Tis you alone thoſe Bleſsings can extend
Which both my Merit and my Hopes tranſcend:
Plan. You in ſuch moving words your Love have ſhown,
As I in Juſtice could not leſs have done;
Some Time and Induſtry it will require
Fairly to reach that end which we deſire,
But leave it to my care if you think fit.
Val. Bro. She who muſt make my Fate ſhould govern it;
While 'tis in ſuch fair hands it is ſecure.

{*Enter a Lady haſtily.*

Lady. Madam, The King is almoſt at the door.

[*They both riſe up haſtily.*

Plan. The King, Oh ſtrange Misfortune, and ſo near.
Val. Bro. What would he think if he ſhould ſee me here?
'Twill ruin all which we deſign'd to do.
Lady. The King does come the way which he ſhould go.

Exit Lady haſtily.

Plan. By what dire Planet is he hither led? (*Aside.*
I hear him, hide your ſelf within my Bed. (*Within.*

Valeria's *Brother hides himſelf in* Plantagenet's *Bed;*
She goes to meet the King.

Enter the King.

King. Since I enjoy at laſt this long'd for time,
I hope you will not think it is a Crime?
Madam, If I employ it now to ſay,
An Adoration to your Eyes I pay;
An Adoration Words would ill expreſs,
For could I tell its Greatneſs, 'twould be leſs;
So high a Paſſion ne'r was paid before;
And yet I bluſh, Madam, that 'tis no more.
Plan. Do you conſider, Sir, what now you ſay,
Such Vows you ſhould but to *Alizia* pay;
Sir, you miſtake, to her alone they'r meant.
King. Ah, ſay not I miſtake when I repent;
You may believe what I now ſay is true,
Since of moſt Love I ſpeak, and ſpeak to you;
To you who 've given mine ſuch perfect ſtrength,
As 'tis uncapable of more but length;
That Falſhood might Truths piercing ſight eſcape,
It ſlowly moves; and in a borrow'd ſhape;
But Truth which onely fears to be unknown,
Moves ſpeedily, and no diſguiſe puts on.
Plan. 'Tis ſtrange this Love ſhould grow ſo great ſo ſoon.
King. The Dawning of it was a perfect Noon;
For what ſuch Eyes, Madam, as yours create
Muſt reach Perfection in their firſt Eſtate:
Yet ſince I did *Alizia* firſt Adore,
I grant I merit this neglect and more;
But you the name of Tyrannous will win
Revenging a Misfortune as a Sin;
This uſage too will an Injuſtice be,
You wrong your Eyes while thus you puniſh me.
Plan. Were there nought elſe, I'de not be falſe to her.
King. Beauty ſhould ſtill a Conqueſt moſt prefer.
Plan. They Tyrants are, who to uſurp Delight.
King. Who has moſt Beauty, has in Love moſt Right.
Plan. You wrong your Miſtriſs, while my Love you ſeek,
And I my Friend in hearing what you ſpeak.
King. To Love another after you are ſeen,
A greater wrong, Madam, in me had been;
I fully know the great debt which is due,
To your fair Eyes and to your Vertues too;

And

And it had been below them to have gain'd
A Heart in which no Beauty e're has reign'd;
But mine before had yielded to the Powr's
Of Conquering Charms which none excel but yours:
What greater merit can my Paſſion ſhew,
Then thus to leave *Alizia* to love you,
This of its vaſtneſs is a proof ſublime.

Plan. Ah what you call your Merit is your Crime,
Since perfect Love in Juſtice muſt excel,
Falſhood and he together cannot dwell.

King. That perfect Love is Juſt I grant is true,
And I prove mine is Juſt in Loving you.
Your Eyes which act the change you ſo abhor,
Are my ſecurity I'le change no more;
Since to the higheſt Beauty I pretend,
Blame not if by Degrees I reach that end;
And as my Love that bleſſing does purſue,
So now I find it onely ſhines in you.

Enter Alizia *and* Sevina.

Aliz. This Duty daily muſt be paid by me,
And though 'tis late———

She ſtarts back amaz'd, ſeeing the King.

Oh Heaven! what is't I ſee?
Ah! would theſe Eyes, rather then ſee this ſight,
Had been clos'd up by an eternal night.

King. What is it, Madam, which you thus bemoan?

Aliz. Can you ask that ſince you two are alone,
And at an hour, ſo Guilty as it ſhows
The falſeneſs of her Friendſhip and your Vows:
To me this Sight ſo vaſt a Grief does give,
As makes me wiſh rather to Die than Live.

King. And Madam, 'tis ſome cauſe of Grief in me
To find in you ſo ſtrange a Jealouſie.

Aliz. If you who do the wrong, Sir, can admit
Of Grief; What then muſt I that Suffer it?
But, Sir, your cauſe of Grief ſhall be remov'd,
My Death ſhall ſhew you ſoon how well I lov'd:
[*To Plan.*] Go treacherous Woman, Falſe as thou art Fair,
Thoſe Hopes you rais'd on your wrong'd Friends Deſpair
Shall ſoon be blaſted, for my injur'd Ghoſt
Shall ſtill purſue you for thoſe Joys I loſt;
Where e're you goe, revenge it ſhall invoke,
And ſhew you ſtill that Heart your Falſhood broke:
You ſtill ſhall ſee it or ſhall hear it groan,
And it ſhall haunt you in his Bed and Throne.

[*She offers to goe up.*

Plan.

Plan. Oh go not yet away.
Sev. At leaſt be pleas'd to hear what ſhe can ſay.
Aliz. Whatever ſhe can ſay I do deſpiſe,
I'le not believe her Words above mine Eyes;
And I have ſeen ſo much, as I now fly
To ſeek her Death my onely Remedy.

Exeunt Alizia *and* Sevina.

Plan. So well her heighn'd Spirit, Sir, I know,
As what ſhe Threatens ſhe too ſoon will do;
If by your inſtant kindneſs or my Care
We do not ſtop th' Effects of her Diſpair,
Forgive me if I leave you to attend
The Debts I owe to a Diſpairing Friend,

The King ſtays her.

King. Oh leave not your Adorer to purſue
One who does hate you, and uſurp'd your due;
If to receive my Paſſion you decline,
Even her Diſpair will be leſs great then mine.
Plan. Detain me not, ſhe'll die through our delay.
King. And I ſhall die ſhould you thus goe away.
Plan. She needs my help.
King. But does not it implore.
Plan. Her Caſe deſerves it.
King. Mine deſerves it more.
Plan. Her Grief does wound me.
King. So my Love ſhould do.
Plan. Your Love's her Debt.
King. 'Tis onely due to you.

A great ſkreik within.

Plan. That Fatal Skreik muſt cut off our debate,
For my beſt ſpeed I fear will come too late.

She breaks from the King, and goes out haſtily.

King. She's gone and left me in a deeper Grief
Then her's to whom ſhe flies to give Relief;
She does her Hatred to my Love prefer,
To me ſhe's Cruel, but ſhe's Kind to her:
'Tis Fortune onely 'or reſiſtleſs Fate
Which governs all the World in Love and Hate.

The King ſtands muſing a while: Valeria's Brother thinking him gone, comes from behind the Bed; The King lifts up his eyes, ſees him, and ſtarts back; Valeria's Brother runs into the Bed again.

King. A Man, and here, and at this time of night,
How quickly did He vaniſh from my ſight?

Does

Does she a Visitant like this admit,
Though my bad Angel 'twere I'le speak to it.

The King draws his Sword, and goes towards the Bed.

Who art thou? and what is it brought thee here?

The King plucks Valeria's *Brother out of the Bed, who trembles, but answers not.*

His Tongue is ty'd by Guiltiness or Fear;
Prepare for Death, or else resolve my Doubt;
He's silent still, what Ho, who waits without?

Enter two Courtiers running.

Since my Commands thy silence cannot break,
I'le find out Tortures which shall make thee speak.
Seize on this Mute, and with him follow me,

They seize on Valeria's *Brother.*

Why should the Thrones of King's so envy'd be,
When such strange Griefs assault me in one hour,
As make my Sorrows greater than my Pow'r.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter King Edward *and Lord* Latymer.

King. I Have in short told you my cause of Grief,
Which is as Just as 'tis above Relief.
Ah! to forsake one in whose Heart I Reign'd,
To Court another who my Flames disdain'd,
And such a Lovely Youth thus hid by her,
Are loads too heavy for my Soul to bear.

Lat. Though, Sir, the Fair *Plantagenet* may be
Too justly blam'd for one Inconstancy,
Yet in all else her Vertue such hath been,
As to suspect it, Sir, would turn a Sin,

King. Oh she, who could for *Kent* my Son forgo,
What is it after which she might not do?
She must have given that Love for which she prest,
Were not her Heart by other Fires possest;
I'le not defame her since she bears my name,
But she for ever has suppreſt my Flame.

Enter Sevina *hastily.*

Sev. If with your Love, Sir, for *Alizia*,
You have not thrown your Pity too away,

Be pleas'd to ſee where She Deſpairing lies,
And with your Hand vouchſafe to cloſe her Eyes.
King. Madam, what is't which her Diſpair does move,
Sev. Oh ask not that when ſhe has loſt your love;
She did a while that Miſery ſuſpect,
But when the certainty ſhe did detect,
She had, but that our ſtrength was her Relief,
By one dire blow ended her Life and Grief;
When from her Hand the Weapon we did wreſt,
Such ſtorms of Sighs did crowd out of her Breſt,
And from her Eyes ſuch ſtreams of Tears did flow,
As we repented that we ſtop'd the blow,
For ſure the loſs of Life is a leſs Ill
Then that Deſpair which does poſſeſs her ſtill,
But though we did one ſort of Death prevent,
Yet ſhe on dying, Sir, is ſo intent,
As from *Plantagenet* I now am come,
Who dares not, Sir, one moment leave the room,
To tell you that th' Aſſurance of your Love
Can onely theſe reſolves of Death remove;
Deſpair alas, ſo pow'rful is in her,
'Twill be too late ſhould you the Cure defer.
King. Ah lead me then where my *Alinda* lies,
For in her Sorrow I ſo Sympathize,
As I alas without diſguiſe may ſwear,
Her grief wounds Me much more than it does Her.

Exeunt.

Enter Delaware *and* Cleorin.

Cleo. 'Tis a ſtrange Secret which you have reveal'd,
But why alas was it ſo long conceal'd?
Repair that Fatal Sin you did commit,
And fly to tell your Prince and Miſtriſs it.
Dela. As all thoſe Sins which for a Crown are done
Heaven does abſolve, when Heaven does put it on;
So all thoſe Crimes which are perfum'd in Love
Do loſe that name when we ſucceſsful prove.
Cleo. But ſince of yours you cannot hope Relief,
Do not delay to cure your Prince's Grief.
Dela. Ah my dear Siſter, if my hopes were fled,
You ſoon ſhould ſee your wretched Brother dead;
But who in Love does as a Lover ſtrive,
Lives while he Hopes, and Hopes while he does Live.
Cleo. Ah! to ſuch empty Hopes impoſe an end,
By making Bleſt your Miſtriſs, Prince and Friend!
So loſing of your Hopes, you ſoon will ſee
A greater bleſſing then your Hopes can be:

Has

Has Love the Pow'r to ſink the Soul ſo low,
As to deny what Vertue bids you do?
What Nobler Fate can Love give to your pain,
Then to deſerve that Love you cannot gain.
Dela. Should I this Secret to them both confeſs,
'Twill rather raiſe then make their Troubles leſs,
While under their Deluſion they remain,
Their juſt reſentment robs them of their pain;
But were that happy Fallacy remov'd,
She with ſuch Paſſion by the King is lov'd,
As they can ne'r poſſeſs what I ſhall loſe,
And 'twill in them a leſſer Grief infuſe,
Never a hope of Union to admit,
Then be ſo near, and after miſs of it:
Beſides the Kingdom may be plung'd in War
When ſuch a Son and Father Rivals are,
Cleo. Ah! you ſhould bluſh to talk at ſuch a rate
Make not your Crime an intereſt of State;
Better that War you dream'd of ſhould enſue,
Then you ſhould ſhun what Honour bids you do:
Oh 'tis in you too Guilty a Diſtruſt,
When you fear ought more then to be Unjuſt;
Conſider ſhould the Prince or ſhe e're know
That Secret you to me diſcover now.
Dela. I fear not that 'tis, onely known to you.
Cleo. Yes but it is.
Dela. ——————To whom?
Cleo. ——————You know it too.
Ah! little Honour in your Soul does ſhine,
Should not your Knowledge fright you more then mine;
To what low State Love does a Lover bring,
Is your own witneſs then ſo ſlight a thing.
Let Vertue and not Fear make you repent,
Guilt is a greater Ill than Puniſhment;
Have you not found what I have ſaid is true? [*Studies a while.*
Dela. My Paſſion ſtrives my Vertue to ſubdue,
Pity your Brother whom Love Maſters ſo,
As he does fear what Honour bids him do;
Pity your ſelf for it is you alone
This hopeleſs guilty Paſſion muſt Dethrone.
Cleo. To conquer Love there needs but little skill,
Since none can want the Pow'r who has the Will.
Dela. There's none does want the Pow'r his Hopes to kill,
But to deſtroy them who can have the Will?
Cleo. Your Cure were finiſh'd were it but begun.
Dela. Ah this is eaſier ſaid then it is done:
Yet I from you this double good have got,
To know my Debt, and grieve I pay it not.

Cleo.

Cleo. Who grieves he does not what he can and ought,
Is guilty of his Torment as his Fault.
Dela. Ah! you did never yet the Torment prove,
Which ſprings from Honour that diſputes with Love.
Cleo. The Torment lies in the diſpute alone,
Let Honour Conquer, and the Torment's gone.
Dela. But Love aſſumes o're me ſo ſtrange a right,
As 'tis at once my Torment and Delight.
Cleo. You'll find, if Vertues Dictates you purſue,
Greater Delights exempt from Torments too;
For though ſucceſsleſs Love be no ſmall pain,
Yet Guilt in Love wounds deeper than Diſdain.
Dela. Oh *Cleorin*! that which you now have ſaid,
Has in my Soul ſuch an Impreſſion made,
As I perceive Love made me too long ſtray,
And Honour now would lead me in the way;
To that bright Guide I am inclin'd to Truſt,
I'le rather be Unhappy then Unjuſt.
Cleo. Such Charms in following Vertue you will find.
Dela. Ah! ſhould you preſs me more you'd be unkind.
Do not all th' Honour of my change ingroſs?
Leave me part of it to ſupport my Loſs.
Cleo. 'Tis not to Vertue that you now reſort,
If it wants ſtrength its own ſelf to ſupport;
'Tis onely Sin not ſuffering that it fears,
It grows the ſtronger the more weight it bears.
Dela. I know in all it's own ſupport 'twill prove,
Unleſs in quitting ſuch a Charming Love,
Then think it is my Wiſdom, not my Fault,
If I ſeek every help in this Aſſault.
Siſter, Farewell, I will retire a while,
That I may Love and Vertue reconcile;
Conſider well what ſuch a Love muſt be,
As with your Vertue dares to diſagree.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

The Scene opens.

Alizia *appears lying on a Couch,* King Edward, Plantagenet, Latymer, Sevina, *and Women Attendants ſtanding about the Couch.*

Aliz. Ah, 'tis enough to Die, Sir, by your Hate!
Too much, your Triumph thus to Celebrate;
Yet I repine not, ſince you come to ſee
That your Contentment is ſo dear to me:
As when I found my Life oppos'd your Love,
I choſe by Death that trouble to remove;

And I implore your Pardon since the debt
I onely paying, and not pay'd you yet.
But, Sir, my Rival can declare for me,
'Tis not my Fault, though it my Trouble be;
For she, her Cruelty is grown so high,
Makes Death my wish, yet hinders me to die.

King. Oh I am come to wait upon you now,
That I may be both Just to her and you;
I must confess that her Enchanting Eyes;
Did for a while my Guilty Heart Surprise;
But what I now shall tell you is as true,
Madam, 'twas I, not she, was false to you;
Her Friendship for you did the Conquest ger,
I did Assault, but could not vanquish it.
Do not believe that what is spoke by me
Is onely to suppress your Jealousie,
That I thereby the safer Pow'r may win
To persevere in and repeat my Sin;
Oh no, that Love and Grief which you have shown
Has all the Magick of her Eyes o'rethrown:
On Fancies Wings I my past flight did take,
But 'tis on Tryals Wings that I fly back.

Aliz. Alas! if Words could cure a broken Heart,
Those you've now spoke would have that Pow'r or Art;
They come too late, they should have come before,
Life you can take away, but not restore:
But, Sir, the loss of mine my joy shall be,
If in my Death my matchless Love you see;
For, Sir, to you I'me more concern'd to give
Proofs of such Love then I'm concern'd to Live,
Which justly you may doubt, if after I
Did know I lost your Love I shou'd not die.

King. Ah the best Proof you of your Love can give,
Is that you'l Pardon me, and that you'l Live;
Has my first Crime made me so black in Sin,
As my Repentance no Belief can win?
Do not believe I did the Sin commit,
Or else believe my Penitence for it.
Let not one Fault which is already past,
Have greater force then Love which still shall last;
Ah! sure you could not thus your Death pursue,
If you believ'd what I have vow'd is true;
But all those Doubts intirely to o'rethrow,
My Lord, I charge you instantly to go—— [*Speaking to* Latymer.
And let at once King *John* and my Son free
Who were the Pris'ners of my Jealousie.

Lat. 'Tis a Command I joyfully obey.

King. I charge you do it, and without delay; [*Exit* Latymer.

Madam, that King may ſafely Court you now, [*To* Plantagenet.
For I before you and *Alizia* vow,
My flame for you ſhall ne'r revive again,
And my *Alizia* onely here ſhall Reign.
Plan. In what, Sir, you have ſaid and vow'd, I find,
To me you'r Juſt, and to *Alizia* Kind.
Nor can your Solemn ſacred Vow, Sir, be
More pleaſing to my Friend, then 'tis to me.
I hope that name, Madam, I may reſume,
And ſafely keep it for the time to come.
Aliz. Heaven knows my Sorrows never were more high,
Then when I thought that you had laid it by;
And yet my Joy that you forgive my Sin,
Is now as vaſt as e're my Griefs have been;
Twice now your Friendſhip you to me reſtore,
May you refuſe it, if I need it more.
Plan. No fear of loſing yours I can admit,
Since I will ne'r do what may forfeit it.
Madam, 'tis fit I leave you with the King,
That he your Cure may to perfection bring.
[*Exit* Plantagenet.
King. Ah Madam, why in her, ſhould Friendſhip be
Of greater pow'r then Love or Grief for me.
Since Friendſhip her Reſentments does ſubdue,
Let Love for me as Pow'rful be with you;

Madam, to you my Heart this Suit prefers,
Which needs your Pardon more then you did hers;
To this ſad State your King alas is brought.
Aliz. Sir, I forgave you when you ſaw your Fault,
And I repine not at my Lingring Death
Which lets me ſeal it with my Dying Breath,
No Proof of Love could ever be more high,
Then to forgive th' offence which makes one Dye.
King. If you forgive me, yet your Death purſue,
You will at once Forgive and Kill me too:
Loves Pow'r you wrong while at this rate you grieve,
For Love ſhould heal worſe Wounds, then it can give.
Aliz. I can alas, Sir, but too truly ſay
'Tis onely Love which makes me diſobey,
For I ſhould not deſerve the Love you give,
If after you recall'd it I could Live.
King. And I of Life ſhould too unworthy be,
If I could Live after you Dy'd for me.
Your Love for me by Living muſt be ſhown,
For you to ſave my Life muſt keep your own,
And if my Words you give no credit to,
What I have Vow'd my Grief will make me Doe.

Aliz.

Aliz. Ah then all thoughts of Dying I'll decline,
Since you have vow'd your Life depends on mine,
But if again to her your Love you give,
My juſt Deſpair will be above Reprieve.

King. Oh Madam, you will wound my Soul again,
If ſuch a fatal Doubt you entertain;
My Grief for the great Crime I did commit,
Will ſtill preſerve me from repeating it;
By all thoſe Vows which bind me moſt I ſwear
I'le ſtill love you and never more love her.

The Scene cloſes.

The SCENE Plantagenets *Chamber.*

Plantagenet, *the* Prince, Cleorin *and* Delaware.

Plan. OH what has been reveal'd by *Delaware*
His Friendſhip ſhows, but heightens my Deſpair,
It makes me Guilty, Sir, to ſuch Degree
As you'd be Guilty ſhou'd you pardon me,
The knowledge of my Fault ſo wounds my Mind,
As onely I in Death my Eaſe can find

Prince. Alas your Grief more cruel is to me,
Then, Madam, your ſuppos'd Inconſtancy;
For to ſuch Height my Love for you is grown,
As your Grief wounds me more then does my own,
You'le puniſh, by a Sorrow ſo Sublime,
My Innocence more then you did my Crime:
But though the Word of Innocence I nam'd,
Yet only I can be with Juſtice blam'd.
For had I not that Fatal Letter writ———

Plan. Oh Sir, I cannot ſuch Diſcourſe admit,
For while requeſts I for your Pardon make,
Alas, my Guilt you on your ſelf would take,
When all the Guilt to me alone is due,
Who did believe a Letter more then you.

Prin. Alas, have you Deſign'd to let me ſee,
That every way you mean to ruine me?
For while you did ſuſpect my Innocence,
You to my Rival did your Love Diſpence:
And Madam, now that Heaven has thought it fit,
To make it evident, you puniſh it;
For by theſe precious Tears, which now you ſpill,
You make me wiſh, I were thought Guilty ſtill.

Plan. Oh Sir, what does your Innocency prove,
Makes me too Guilty to deſerve your Love.

Prin. Ah be not cruel to this ſtrange degree,
Let not my Innocence my Ruin be.

No

No Reparation could be reckon'd more,
Then what the injur'd perſon does emplore;
But you will make, if this be your intent,
Your Reparation my worſt Puniſhment,
A Puniſhment ſo cruel, and ſo high,
As it tranſcends the imagin'd Injury:
Yet if you think, that you amiſs have done,
Let me then name the Reparation.
'Tis Madam, that you'l never think ſo more,
But give me leave your Beauties to Adore.

Plan. Heaven, Sir, does know, and ſo does *Cleorin*,
That while I thought you guilty of that Sin;
Which only my Misfortune made me do,
I Lov'd you, Sir, and Lov'd none elſe but you.

Prin. And Heaven does know and ſo does *Delaware*,
That while I thought you Guilty as you're Fair
I did not you but my ill Fortune blame,
And ſtill preſerve for you a deathleſs Flame.

To Delaware My Lord, to her and me, this Juſtice do,
As to oppoſe me, if I ſpeak not true.

Dela. Sir, you for her did ſtill ſuch Love expreſs,
As Heaven knows too, I griev'd it was not leſs.

Prin. Ah if you give belief to what we ſay,
Doe not refuſe the perfect Love I pay.

Plan. Alas, a greater Sin I ſhould commit,
Then that I mourn for, by accepting it,
But all the world will know that I repent,
When on my ſelf I lay this Puniſhment,
Which, Sir, by Juſtice dictates I have choſe,
Since 'tis the higheſt which I can impoſe.
Your Glory, Sir, would wither if not dye,
Should you Love one ſo guilty, Sir, as I.
The penance I deſign'd let me purſue;
'Tis what, Sir, on my knees I beg of you.

She offers to kneel, but is hindred by the Prince.

Prin. Ah do not doubly thus my Soul ſubdue,
By ſuch denyals, and ſubmiſſion too;
But to my Suit be pleas,d to condeſcend
Or elſe my Grief my tortur'd Life ſhall end.

Dela. Such were the Arts us'd by the Earl of *Kent*,
As both ſeem'd Guilty, yet were Innocent.

Cleo. Madam, while you ſuch ſcrup'lous Vertue ſhow,
The Prince may of your Love ſuſpicious grow;
That moving ſorrow which he does expreſs,
Invites your kindneſs now to make it ceaſe.

Plan. Sooner then you ſuch Grief, Sir, ſhall admit,
I will obey what ever you think fit;

I ra-

I rather, Sir, will an Injuſtice doe
To my own ſelf, then ſeem unkind to you.
Prin. Ah, Madam, in thoſe happy words I find,
You are to me at once both Juſt, and Kind;
No ſatisfaction e're was hop'd by me,
But that you might that Innocency ſee
Which *Delaware*'s great Friendſhip made appear,
Who is thereby for ever ſetled here,
Where Madam next to you he ſtill ſhall grow.
Dela. Ah could a Prince ought to his Subject owe;
I might then think, to me you are in debt.
Prin. To me your Friendſhip has been always great,
Yet I muſt Tax it of a ſeeming wrong,
Since this bleſt Secret you conceal'd ſo long.
Cleo. What juſtly does this ſeeming wrong excuſe,
Shall, Sir, preſent you with more welcome news;
While your great Father was in Love with her,
He as a Subject, Sir, had cauſe to fear
A Secret ſo important to declare,
As might perhaps have caus'd a Civil War:
But, Sir, now that the King has this bleſt day
Reſum'd his Love for fair *Alizia*,
And has by Vows, which oft he did repeat,
Renounc'd his Paſſion for *Plantagenet*.
Which from her ſelf this very hour we know,
My Brother loſt no time, to tell it you.
Prin. These charming Words which now from you I hear,
His Juſtice ſhews and ends my greateſt Fear;
Nothing from Heaven was left me to implore,
But that my Father Rivall'd me no more.
Cleo. What fitter time can Fortune give to you,
Then thus your Ends in Love ſtill to purſue;
Loſe not one Moment of it, for perhaps
Thoſe Conquering Eyes may make him ſoon relaps.
Pr. What you adviſe your care of me does ſhow,
Forgive me, Madam, If I leave you now;
Since 'tis ſo vaſt a Bleſſing to implore,
As granted I ſhall never leave you more.
Plan. That Grant the nobleſt Bleſſing, Sir, would be,
Could it make you as happy as 'twill me.

[*The Prince offers to goe out.*

Dela. Stay, Sir, I ſcorn your Goodneſs to abuſe,
Or own your Pardon, to her Feign'd Excuſe;
Fear made me not the Secret, Sir, conceal,
Nor the King's Change the Secret now reveal;
For thoſe were Motives of ſuch mean degree,
As, Sir, I bluſh that they were nam'd for me;
Thoſe Reaſons, Sir, of which ſhe did make uſe,

Obtain'd but did not Merit your Excuſe;
My guilty Doubts, a while have kept me Dumb,
But Love and Honour have thoſe doubts o'recome.
Plan. My *Cleorin*, what will your Brother do,
Cleo. I am as ignorant of it as you,
Dela. Now all the Truth ſhall be to you reveal'd.
For 'tis too Glorious, Sir, to be conceal'd.
Know, Sir, thoſe Beauties which did conquer you,
Became, while *Kent* did live, my Conqu'rors too.
At *Poitiers* they did me to Glory bring,
And made me grace your Triumph with a King;
And though ſome Honour I acquir'd that day,
Yet, Sir, that proſperous Action I may ſay
Did on no ſcore to me ſo welcome prove,
As making me more fit to Court her Love;
Rais'd by this thought for *England*, Sir, I came,
Where ſoon her Beauties did revive your Flame,
And Fortune againſt me was ſo much bent,
As you your Rival made your Confident;
And by a Cruelty unknown to you,
You in your Love my help Commanded too.
Pr. I am amaz'd, my Lord, at what you ſay.
Dela. Though that Command I wanted pow'r to Obey,
Yet Heaven my witneſs is how much I ſtrove,
To make my Duty overcome my Love;
But when I found by what I did endure,
That ſhe alone, the Wounds ſhe gave could cure;
I meant the Secret never to diſcloſe;
And when your Father did your Flame oppoſe,
I try'd your Love by reaſon to ſubdue,
But that attempt, Sir, proving fruitleſs too,
Inſpir'd by Love or guided by Deſpair,
I to her ſelf my Paſſion did declare.
Cleo. Of this Diſcovery I Fear the event.
Plan. It merits Wonder and not Puniſhment.
Dela. But when I for her Favour, Sir, did ſue,
Alas ſhe ſaid her Love was given to you.
So given as nothing could recall her Grant,
Since your forſaking her, that pow'r did want;
And in her Words and Accents made appear,
Her Flames for you did equal yours for her;
Convinc'd by this, that following my Deſign,
Would blaſt your joys, but not procure me mine,
In which I was confirm'd by *Cleorin*.
The Noble Fatal Conqueſt I did win;
And forc'd my ſelf that Secret to declare,
Which builds your Bleſſings on my own Deſpair.
Cleo. Yet Glory muſt on that Deſpair attend,

In which you ſerv'd your Miſtreſs, Prince, and Friend.
Dela. Though, Sir, 'twas much your Miſtreſs to adore,
To help you, while your Rival; yet is more;
Now, Sir, my Story to an end is brought:
Or Praiſe my merit, or condemn my Fault.
Pr. Oh you ſo nobly, have o'recome your Flame
As your Deſpair cannot tranſcend your Fame.
That Heightned Friendſhip which our Loves ſecures,
In our Contentment will preſent you yours;
Your Friendſhip yet on me ſuch Debts does lay,
As I muſt too Deſpair, thoſe Debts to pay;
Plan. 'Tis Nobler much, if you dare credit me,
To be th' Obliger, than th' Oblig'd to be;
But in that Heart your Prince did firſt obtain
By Friendſhip plac'd, you ſhall for ever Reign.
Dela. If ought could cure the Grief of loſing you,
What you both ſaid, that Miracle would doe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, *King* John, *Lord* Latimer, *Count* Gueſclin, *and all the Men.*

King Ed. What, as a Lover, could I leſs have Done
Hearing what paſt betwixt you and my Son!
Strange are th' Effects which Jealouſie produce,
But fully, Sir, to purchaſe your Excuſe,
I come to viſit you, and let you know,
That I no more a Rival am to you,
My Anger though 'twere great, yet it was Short.
K. John. Sir, I admire no more at your Tranſport
O're-hearing all we in the Garden ſaid,
But you have now full Reparation made.
Enter Delaware *and Prince.*
Pr. Sir, I more Grieve I did a Fault Commit,
Then I am pleas'd that you have Pardon'd it,
But, Sir, I hope that Freedom you'd reſtore
Is but an earneſt that you grant me more;
My Great Requeſt, Sir, is Renew'd by me,
Granting me that is more then Liberty;
Such ſtrange Diſcoveries I have made this day,
As all the favour for which now I pray
Is, that to let me court her you'll conſent,
When you your ſelf have judg'd her Innocent.
King Ed. But will you ceaſe to court her when I prove,
You being judge, ſhe Merits not your Love?
Prin. This by my Duty, Sir, I promiſe you.
K. Ed. Then what you beg'd of me, I grant you too,
Pr. Be pleas'd then, Sir, to order *Delaware*
Without Reſerve, his Knowledge to Declare,

And

And what he ſays I hope you will Believe.

King Edw. To what he ſpeaks I ſtill will Credit give,

Dela. I ſhou'd be too Unworthy of this Truſt,
Should I abuſe a King ſo Great and Juſt;
When to the Wars of *Aquitain* I went,
I made a Friendſhip with the Earl of *Kent*,
Who in a Charge did ſuch deep wounds receive,
As, finding that he had not long to Live,
A Meſſenger in haſte for me he ſent,
As ſoon as e're I came into his Tent,
He told me ſomething on his Heart did lye
Which Griev'd him more then he was Griev'd to Dye,
Then in my Hand he did this Letter lay,
And in a Sigh his Soul did fly away.

Pr. When you have heard it Read, it will Afford
Proof of her Vertue.

King Edw. Read it then my Lord.

The Earl of *KENT* to the Lord DELAVVARE.

MY Death forces me to diſcover by what Arts I obtained, from the Prince of Wales, *the fair* Plantagenet. *Before he ador'd her, I did; and as ſoon as he fell in Love, (not knowing mine) he made me his Confident; but the King being againſt the Match, the Prince the better to cloud his real paſſion for* Plantagenet, *ſeem'd to have one for the fair* Aurelia; *but ſtill truſted me with the Superſcription, Cypher, and Seal, which he uſed when he writ to my* Plantagenet, *and I had the fatal employment of carrying all their Letters.*

At length the Glory the Prince won at Creſſy, *joyn'd with his Grief for the King's denial, conquer'd his Father; and the Day was appointed for his marrying* Plantagenet, *which, if not prevented, I found would be the day of my Death.*

This I imparted to my Mother, who had no ſmall aſcendant over Plantagenet, *and by my Mothers advice, I got the Prince to write a Letter to* Aurelia, *(whom I ſeem'd to be paſſionatly in Love with) wherein he beg'd her pardon, for having counterfeited a Love to her, when his*

his was otherwise disposed of; but to repair it, he earnestly recommended me to her affection, as most worthy of it.

This Letter I seal'd, and superscribed with the Cypher the Prince always made use of to Plantagenet, *whom my Mother had so warmly alarm'd, with the Prince's passion for* Aurelia, *that this Letter being delivered to* Plantagenet, *in a fit time, all written with the Prince's own hand, sealed and superscribed, as all his Letters to her were wont to be, made her so abhor the Prince's inconstancy, that in the dictates of those resentments, she gave her self to me, whereunto my Mothers Friendship with her, did highly contribute.*

The Prince in despair, undertakes the war with France, *and, I, soon after, disguised to all but you, follow'd him, in hope by some great action to wash off the Guilt my Love forced me to contract; but here I met my Death. Tell them all this; and that I hope their hatred to me, will be buried in my Grave.*

Dela. This Letter till this day I have conceal'd,
For Cauſes, Sir, unfit to be Reveal'd.
Pr. I hope you find in what he did relate
She was not Guilty but Unfortunate,
King Ed. I muſt confeſs theſe Arts which *Kent* did uſe
Doe her forſaking you too much Excuſe.
Pr. Since this has waſh'd off her imagin'd Stain,
Give me your leave to love her, Sir, again.
King Ed. I would not have deform'd her, but I ſee
To cure his Love there's but that Remedy;
No, Prince, the Sin ſhe did laſt night Commit
Makes her for ever for your Love unfit.
Pr. Oh Heaven! muſt I endure a new Aſſault?
Tell me I beg you, Sir, this Fanſied Fault,
For ſhe is of ſuch an unblemiſh'd Fame,
As I can give it well no better Name:
But, Sir, to try me this perhaps is done.
King Ed. I do not uſe to trifle with my Son,
And I believe you'l credit what I ſaid,
When I my ſelf found hid within her Bed,
A Lovely Youth who ſince is dumb with Fear:
My Lord, bring inſtantly that Priſ'ner here. [*To* Latimer.
[*Exit* Latimer.
Pr. Though I my ſelf what you have ſaid ſhould ſee,
Yet I would think my Eyes were falſe not She.
King Ed. Since to your Witneſs I did credit give,
Methinks what I have ſaid You ſhould Believe.
Pr. Forgive me if her Vertue and my Love
Forc'd me to ſpeak what may your Anger move,
Fate never man to ſuch a ſtreight did bring,
I muſt offend my Miſtreſs or my King,
Eſteem her Guilty, or not Credit you,
That, Sir, I cannot, this I dare not Doe.

Enter Latimer *and* Valeria's *Brother.*

King Ed. *Valeria*'s Brother! Love is juſt I ſee,
Since he Revenges my inconſtancy,
And makes him puniſh his fair Siſter's wrong.
King Ed. If ſtill thy Fear has not ty'd up thy Tongue,
Diſcover to the King and to my Son,
How thou by Charms *Plantagenet* haſt won,
I found thee in her Bed, there's no Excuſe,
Valer. Bro. Sir, that's a place which few men would refuſe.

Enter Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina,
and all the Women.

Shall not one moment ſtay thy Deſtiny.
Plan. The Words and Anger of the King are High:

Alizia

Alizia, Sir, and I but now did hear,
That with this Gentleman you Angry were,
We come to beg you to forgive his Crime.
King Ed. Of all the World you ſhould not plead for Him,
For you by it ſo great a Guilt do ſhow,
As I had rather but ſuſpect then know.
Plan. I know not what you mean by what you ſaid.
King Ed. You know not too you hid him in your Bed.
Plan. Who could to you that Secret, Sir, declare.
King Fo. Oh Heaven! does ſhe Confeſs then he was there?
Val. Bro. That, Sir, I hope is no Offence to you.
King Fo. (do?
False Youth, to me what worſe Wrong could'ſt thou
Val. Bro. I thought my Sister had your Heart poſſeſt
King Fo. But did'ſt thou not from her to me proteſt,
She bid thee help me if I e're ſhould be
In Love with any one more Fair then She?
Val Bro. And doe you, Sir, confeſs that you are ſo?
King Fo. Thoſe Charming Eyes muſt every Heart o'rethrow.
Val. Bro. This Guilt in you will cauſe her Death I fear,
King Fo. Thy Guilt to me is more then mine to her,
What doſt thou ail, thou trembleſt and lookſt pale?
Admire not, Grief does o're my ſoul prevail,
When to *Valeria*'s ſelf ſuch Words you ſaid,
[*Taking off her Diſguiſe.*
As, Sir, does make her wiſh that ſhe were Dead,
But though ſhe's kill'd by your Inconſtancy,
Yet in you Armes ſhe begs your leave to Dye. [*She faints.*

Plantagenet *holds her up.*

Plan. She faints;
Ah, Sir, that Guilty Change in you!
King Fo. Oh Madam, blame not what you made me doe.
Plan. Sir, 'tis not Juſt to charge your Fault on me,
King Ed. Is it *Valeria* then?
King Fo. Yes, Yes 'tis ſhe,
Her Brother's face ſo much reſembles hers
As I, deluded by the clothes ſhe wears,
Did to herſelf my Change in Love avow.
Pr. The Clouds of my Deſpair do vaniſh now,
And Charming Hopes in me begin to Reign.
Plan. Give her more Air for now ſhe Breaths again.
Valeria *is ſet in a Chair.*
King Ed. Oh I the fair *Plantagenet* did wrong.
Pr. The Proofs that ſhe is Guiltleſs are ſo ſtrong,
As I now beg you will no more deferr
To give me leave to make my Court to her.
Alizia. Sir, in the Princes Suit I alſo Joyne,
King Ed. Her Vertue now does with ſuch Luſtre ſhine,

As

As to Repair my having Injur'd it,
I his Addreſſes to her do permit.
Pr. In this more then a Father you appear,
'Tis leſs to Give me Life then Grant me Her;
But, Sir before this Bleſſing I purſue,
I muſt do Juſtice to my Rival too,
Sir, I did promiſe you on her to wait, [*Speaks to K.* John.
And from her Sentence to receive my Fate,
This Promiſe I am ready to Perform.
King Joh. No Heart did e're endure ſo fierce a Storm.
Who can ſupport thoſe burthens which I bear,
My Vows confine me here, my Paſſion there;
By leaving her my Nobleſt Hopes I end,
And by not leaving her I Wrong my Friend,
Some Sacred Pow'r reach me what I ſhould do.
Plan. Your Honour binds you, Sir, to keep your Vow;
She told me, Sir, that Sacred Oath you Swore
That you no other Beauty would Adore,
And though you often for her Love did preſs,
Yet till Misfortune brought to you Diſtreſs;
She never could, though ſhe did often ſtrive,
Perſwade her ſelf his Paſſion to receive;
But then all Danger, Sir, ſhe did Deſpiſe,
And came to viſit you in this Diſguiſe;
But oh what Horror did her Soul invade,
When ſhe o're-heard what you to *Gueſclin* ſaid,
Of that unhappy Love you had for me;
She for that Wound no better Cure could ſee,
Then to make me her Friend and Confident.
King Jo. Ah what for me could Fortune worſe invent?
Love ſhe deny'd when 't would have made me Joy,
And onely gives it now 'tis to Deſtroy.
Plan. This, Sir, by Vow ſhe ty'd me to conceal,
Till you to me your Paſſion ſhould reveal,
Believing that would be the fitteſt time
To tell you, and Convince you of your Crime,
In which I promis'd my Aſſiſtance too:
All I have told you hapned, Sir, when you [*To King* Ed.
Did (unexpected) viſit me laſt night,
Which put us both into ſo great a fright,
I, leaſt Ill Thoughts in you it might create,
Finding a man (ſuppos'd) with me ſo late,
And ſhe to be diſcover'd did ſo dread,
As, Sir, I did conceal her in my Bed,
Where I forgot her in my Friends Deſpair.
King Jo. Madam, we wait till you your Doom Declare.
Plan. Oh let not, Sir, my Sentence make you Doe
What Love and Honour now do call you to;

She Merits you, ſo Bright her Love does ſhine,
And, Sir, the Prince of *Wales* poſſeſſes mine;
Behold the fair *Valeria* does revive,
If you'll Ask Pardon ſhe'll a Pardon Give;
She your paſt Fault but for a Dream will take,
If, Sir, ſhe finds you True when ſhe does wake.

King Fo. I can no more (your Pow'r ſo high does riſe)
Reſiſt your Sentence then I could your Eyes,
And thoſe Commands which now on me you lay
I beg you will Aſſiſt me to Obey.

Plan. You have your King ſo wounded with your Grief,

To Valeria. That he as much as you, does need Relief.

King Fo. With an afflicted Soul I wait on you,
To own my Fault and beg your Pardon too;
Madam, I hope a Love which ne'r ſhall Dye
Will expiate one ſhort Inconſtancy.

Valeria. Ah! though I ne'r more Reparation ſought
Then, Sir, that you ſhould ſee and own your Fault,
Yet you my Heart ſo wounded by your Crime,
As to recover it requires ſome Time.

King Fo. Though I this Penance, Madam, muſt deplore,
Yet I muſt grant my Fault does merit more.

Prince. Now, Sir, to raiſe our Joys above Increaſe,
To this great King give Liberty and Peace.

King Ed. Thoſe Offers which I always did Decline,
To Gratify you both, I now will Signe.

King Fo. While in this way my Freedom you Reſtore,
You and the Prince make me your Priſoner more,
Your former Conqueſts, Sir, to this muſt Yield,
This wins my Friendſhip that but won the Field.

King Ed. This is a Conqueſt we delight to own,
'Tis more to gain your Friendſhip, then your Throne.
Now all th' Alarm's of Love and War ſhall ceaſe,
And yield their rooms to the ſoft Joys of Peace.

The Curtain falls.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
KING.

THe Poet, Sir, has offer'd to your ſight.
An Engliſh Prince, whoſe Fame appear'd ſo Bright,
As never any ſince his time was known,
To ſhine with clearer Luſtre, but your Own;
For though Immortal Honour he did gain,
By conquering France, and by reſtoring Spain,
Yet, Sir, you brought Three Kingdoms to Remorſe,
And gain'd by Vertue more then he by Force,
Which, Sir, on you a greater Name beſtows
By conquering Them by whom he conquer'd Thoſe:
'Tis more by Vertue England to o'recome,
Then by the Engliſh to beat Chriſtendome.
As when the Univerſe was to be made,
The vaſt Deſign was on the waters laid;
So you in Conquering it like Method keep,
Laying your firſt Foundation in the Deep:
Though the Black Prince, ſo happy, Sir, did prove,
As to be Crown'd with Victory and Love,
Yet, Sir, he knows from you he may receive
A Nobler Crown then War or Love can give;
This makes him like the Poet trembling ſtand,
Till, Sir, that Crown be given him by your Hand.

FINIS.

Tryphon.

A TRAGEDY:

As it was Acted

By his HIGHNES'S

THE

Duke of YORK'S *SERVANTS.*

Written by the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Orrery.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1672.

A

THE PROLOGUE

Spoke

By Mr. *Nokes* and Mr. *Angel*.

A. *Hold, hold.*
N. *Why, Sir?*
A. *What is't you mean to ſay?*
N. *I mean to ſpeak the Prologue to the Play,*
A. *Therefore to ſtop you I eſteem it fit.*
N. *The Poet then will not be thought a Wit.*
A. *A Wit forſooth!*
N. *Yes, Sir, a Wit.*
A. *What's that?*
N. *A Wit is one word--I know not what.*
A. *Of that kind Title give your Poet Joy.*
A Wit is then in French, A je ne ſcay quoi.
A modiſh Name.
N. *Yet, Sir, that Name to gain,*
How many of our Writers crack their brain?
A. *That's a miſtake, for who'd that Name contract,*
Muſt, e're he Court it, firſt his brain have crackt,
To be a Wit, (believe me, Sir, 'tis true)
Is the worſt State a Man can fall into.
The Wits firſt Vow is, that they none will ſpare,
But jeer at every Creature that they dare;
And the No-Wits, theſe Wits ſo diſ-eſteem,
That they give Money oft to hiſs at them;
'Tis the Wits Nature, or at beſt their Fate,
Others to ſcorn, and one another hate.
They would be Sultans *if they had their Will,*
For each of them would all his Brothers kill.
N. *Hold, Sir, the Wits you too ſeverely ſchool.*
A. *I ſay, to be a Wit's to be a Fool;*
For who but ſuch a Creature would not grudge,
T'have any one for half a Crown his Judge;
Nay, toil, that he ſuch a wiſe Act may do,
Then let the Players get the Half Crown too.
N. *Why was this Play then by the Author writ?*
A. *In fear, 'tis ſaid, of being call'd a Wit.*

And many a Man dots doubt that's his Friend,
E're three hours hence he will have reacht his end.
N. *Take heed, if at this rate we gable more*
Our Poet will attain his end before.
A. *For fear of that 'tis best we should be gone.*
N. *What without* Prologue *?*
A. *I'm resolv'd to have none.*
For some on Wit that needless Tax did lay,
Which Poets now are grown too poor to pay.
But yet as metled School-boys set to cuff,
Will not confess that they have done enough,
Though deadly weary, till Spectators do
At once both part and call them good Boys too;
But then these Cuffers monstrous joyful are:
Just thus it would with all our Poets fare,
Would you decree (what I for them implore)
Poets with Prologues *ne're should meddle more.*
'Tis the best thing you for your selves could do,
For Prologues *first tire Poets and then you;*
If you'l not do't while in your power it lies,
They'l do it of themselves if they be wise:
Our Poet's tyr'd, and has with Prologues *done,*
But those which yet are fresh, let them cuff on.

The Persons Names.

Tryphon	The King.
Aretus and *Demetrius*	Friends
Seleucus.	Capt. of *Tryphon's* Guard.
Nicanor	Father to *Cleopatra* and *Stratonice.*
Arcas	*Tryphon's* Freeman.
Cleopatra and *Stratonice*	Sisters.
Hermione	Confident to *Cleopatra.*
Irene	Confident to *Stratonice.*

Tryphon.

Tryphon.

THE FIRST ACT.

The SCENE *is the Garden of* Tryphon's *Palace in* Antioch.

Demetrius and *Aretus*.

Dem. TRyphon, I grant through Seas of blood has gone
To force his passage to the *Syrian* Throne;
But how men gain their Pow'r the Gods do not
So much regard, as how 'tis us'd when got.
Our Murther'd King *Antiochus* did own,
That *Tryphon*'s Father did restore his Crown;
Which made him trust the Sons ambitious youth
With so much pow'r as did corrupt his truth:
This our dead Prince discover'd, but too late,
Which did provoke *Tryphon* to act his fate.
For Kings should not to too great Subjects shew
They mean their ruine, till they act it too;
And he too much deserves to lose his Throne
Who makes a Subject's power exceed his own.

Are. What ever you in his defence have brought,
Rather then lessen doth augment his fault;
For what could show this Tyrant more unjust
Then to abuse such gratitude and trust;
Trust, which the wicked often does reclame,
This monster's wickedness does more inflame.
That he repents nothing can us perswade,
Since what makes others good has made him bad.

Dem. When once Ambition does the mind devour,
Men Sacrifice their Vertue to their Pow'r.
Antiochus had rais'd him up so high,
As he was either to usurp, or die;
And when he had perceiv'd the Kings distrust,
It made him think that what was safe was just.

Are. Oh let him not be pleaded for by you,
Who did his King depose and murther too,
Left on your self th' Usurpers guilt you bring;

Dem. 'Tis less to kill, then to arraign a King;

And he who does an Empires loſs endure
Cannot think death a puniſhment, but cure.
Art. But Actions ſhould be taken as they're meant.
Dem. To vindicate him is not my intent;
Since all which can in his excuſe be ſaid
Is, that his Pride his Virtue has betray'd.
Art. No glimps of Vertue e're in him could ſhine
Who kill'd his King, and all the Royal line.
Dem. After he had the chief of it ſuppreſt,
He thought it was unſafe to ſave the reſt.
Art. Ambition made him act the Parricide,
And Cruelty muſt then preſerve his Pride.
By the ſame rule he ought to ſhed the Blood
Of all his Countrey-men that dare be good:
Then from the Throne let us th' Uſurper fling.
To ſave our ſelves, and to Revenge the King:
For ſhould we to this Tyranny ſubmit,
We ſhall deſerve as well as ſuffer it:
And to the virtuous 'twill much worſe appear
Such a misfortune to deſerve then bear.
That *Tryphon* calls you favourite I know,
But to his Fear alone that name you owe.
Yet though the kindeſs which he feigns were true,
It lays the ground of what I call you to;
From you he merits death, ſince he hath dar'd
To hope ſuch Friendſhip could ſuch Guilt have ſpar'd.
Dem. Whom *Tryphon* fears he doth to death purſue,
And if he fear'd me he might kill me too,
But, that he fears me not, he could not give
A ſtronger proof then that he lets me live.
Yet do not think his friendſhip ſuch a charm,
As from revenge it could confine my arme;
But if my patience you a ſin eſteem,
It ſprings from Love to *Syria*, not to him:
For ſince the Royal line are made away,
Were *Tryphon* kill'd, who ſhould the Scepter ſway?
All the Ambitious for the Throne would fight,
For where none has the Title, all have Right.
Thus while we caſt a bloody Tyrant down
By Blood, we raiſe another to the Crown.
'Tis this, 'tis this which chiefly frightens me,
We may change Tyrants, not the Tyranny.
Where Force is Title, Force muſt make it good,
And who comes in by Arms muſt reign by Blood.
Art. Baniſh ſuch groundleſs fears, for he alone
Who kills the Tyrant ſhould aſcend his Throne.
Who from this Tyranny does *Syria* free,
All will confeſs, deſerves our King to be.

If

If by your Arm this generous Act is done,
Saving the Kingdom you'll deserve the Crown.
Dem. Oh my *Aretus* should I yield to this,
'T would then be my Ambition punish'd his:
And he's unfit a Tyrant to dethrone
Who with his Countreys ends dare mix his own;
Since *Tryphon* is call'd King, I'le rather bear
His Tyranny then be his Murtherer,
That name *Aretus* is a sacred thing.
Are. But *Tryphon*'s an Usurper, not a King.
Ah shall he keep his blood from being spilt,
By taking off that name which makes his guilt:
If such a principle we should endure,
Then the most guilty would be most secure.
Dem. What ever sins to gain a Crown are done,
The God's do pardon when they put it on.
We ought, when Heav'ns Vicegerent does a Crime,
To leave to Heav'n the right to punish him,
Those who for wrongs their Monarchs murther act,
Worse sins then they can punish they contract:
And while his favour I so much possess,
My Pow'r will hinder any new excess.
Are. But from new Crimes while *Tryphon* you withhold,
You bribe our swords from punishing the old.
Dem. He that's so bad as to gain pow'r by Blood,
Some reparation makes if he turn good;
And 'tis my hope as much as 'tis my care,
To fill his Court with those who virtuous are.
If Virtue in his Court it self advance,
Vice there will soon grow out of countenance.
That he no more into new crimes may fall,
He'll make this day *Nicanor* General;
And our *Seleucus* free from Vice as Fear
Shall head the Guards———

Tryphon, Nicanor, Seleucus, and *Tryphon's* Guards.

But *Tryphon* does appear
Who must not see me since he sent me now
On an affair which you at night shall know.
(*Demet. and Aret.*
Go out several ways.

Try. No, no, *Nicanor*, I can truly own
My safety made me chiefly take the Crown;
Antiochus had rais'd me to such height
As I had felt what was an Empire's weight,
And scarce th' Ambitious would be brought to reign
If with the Pomps of Pow'r they knew the Pain:

But

But when falſe doubts of me his mind did fill,
Then whom he Rais'd he had deſign'd to Kill:
And though the Father plac'd him in the Throne,
Yet this return he would have made the Son;
Finding that he or I muſt be oppreſt,
I of two evils did embrace the leaſt;
Since to my Services he was ſevere,
From him what might not his beſt Subjects fear;
Which ſhows, my Countreys good in what was done
As much did urge me to it as my own.

Nica. Sir, you have known me long, and that my heart
In what I ſpeak diſdains the vails of art:
If therefore you would now my ſilence break,
Be not offended if I freely ſpeak.

Try. Nought you can ſay, ſuch an offence will be,
As doubting freedom can be ſo to me.

Nica. Then, Sir, my mind I'le freely ſpeak to you
Yet with that reverence which to Kings is due.
I know your Fathers Valour, and your own
Did to *Antiochus* reſtore his Throne;
Since for your King you did that Service do,
Ah, Sir, forget not 'twas your Duty too:
Subjects, too oft, whoſe ſervices are great
Conſider that as merit, which is debt;
And have the ruine of their Kings deſign'd,
Judging them cruel when not over-kind:
Thoſe are ſad Truths which Hiſtories oft ſhow,
Judge, Sir, if this has been your caſe, or no.

Try. I need no clearer proof to let you ſee
That once *Antiochus* was kind to me,
Then, when he alter'd and my murther meant,
I by his ruine could my own prevent?
To me his kindneſs he had largely ſhown,
Truſting me with a Pow'r above his own;
Had he but told me he'd that Power recall,
I at his feet would have reſign'd it all;
But why becauſe he rais'd me up ſo high
Should he conclude I merited to Die?
If he did erre, placing me where I ſtood,
Why muſt his fault be waſht off with my Blood.

Nica. Ah, Sir, though this had been the ſtate of things,
Yet ſubjects, Sir, ſhould die to ſave their Kings;
Much rather they their own death ſhould endure
Then by their King's their Safety's to procure;
And Virtue does oblige us where 'tis ſtrong,
Rather to ſuffer then to act a wrong.

Try. But Natures Dictates which no man can wave,
Obliges every one his Life to ſave.

Nica.

Nica. Nature whose Dictates in defence you bring,
Ties Subjects by their Deaths to save their King;
Nature, is Reason, Sir, and that does show
More to our Kings then to our selves we owe,
For in a Subjects Death but one does fall,
But a King's Life contains the Life of All.

Selen. Yet though your Safety, Sir, did you Incline
To Kill your King, you might have spar'd his Line,
Oh, Sir, you needed not their Bloods have spilt.

Try. Their Births to me *Seleucus*, made their Guilt,
Who his own Murther by his Monarch's Shuns,
Makes it more certain if he spares his Sons.

Sel. But though to save the Sons unsafe was held,
Why was *Antiochus* the Grandchild kill'd,
An Infant who was then not two years old?

Try. Whatever of his Death my Foes have told,
Yet to you both here solemnly I Vow,
That Child, for ought I know, is living now,
And one who oft informs me what is True
Tell's me, *Nicanor*, he's conceal'd by you.

Nica. I do not doubt but many there may be,
Too apt to give ill Characters of me,
But, Sir, I think if you reflection make,
With what Affront the King from me did take
The Generals place, you'l scarce believe he durst
To one so wrong'd commit so great a Trust,
Yet if you think it true——————

Try. —————— *Nicanor* hold,
'Tis not what I believe but what I'm told;
And to convince you what I say is true,
The Generals Office I restore to you;
If I to *Syria* meant not to be Just,
I would not lodge in you so great a Trust;
A Trust which if I use the *Syrians* ill,
Gives Pow'r to punish me, and Pow'r gives Will.

Nic. That Trust which, Sir, you now on me would lay,
Does merit more then I have Pow'r to pay,
But when my King did wrong me, I did swear
No publick Office I again would bear,
Forgive me, Sir, since 'tis a Sacred Vow
Makes me decline what you have offer'd now,
I should for such a Trust appear unfit,
If I forswore my self accepting it.

Try. Take heed, for if this Offer be refus'd,
I may believe you Justly are accus'd.

Nic. You should methinks much rather, Sir, from thence
See my Foes Malice and my Innocence;

Were I poſſeſt of the Thrones lawful heir,
Why ſhould I wave a Pow'r might place him there.
Try. But if you would accept what I reſtore,
That Action would convince me of it more,
For ſince your Vertue binds you to be juſt,
'Twould bind you too not to betray your Truſt;
Yet I'll believe 'tis nothing but your Vow
Keeps you from taking what I offer'd now,
You ſhall therein by me no more be preſt,
And that you may ſtill on my Friendſhip reſt,
Demetrius is this day imploy'd by me
In an Affair ſhall let *Nicanor* ſee,
That I have made it now my chiefeſt End
To make him by a ſacred tye my Friend.
Seleucus, whoſe High Worth deſerves Rewards,
Shall from this day be Captain of my Guards.
Sel. This Truſt I'l ſtrive to merit by my Care.
Nic. Thoſe clearlieſt ſhow that they your Servants are
Who at your Faults judge it a ſin to wink,
And tell you Truths which others ſcarce dare think.
Sel. Thoſe who their Princes flatter May be thought
Guiltier then thoſe who have againſt them fought,
Since more by Flattery have been undone
Then have been ruin'd by Rebellion.
Nic. Monarchs thoſe ſervants higheſt ſhould eſteem
Who, when they err, dare not but tell it them,
And he who does by Force a Throne obtain,
Ought to repair it by a Generous Reign.
Try. This Freedom and the Council which you give
As Proofs of both your Friendſhips I receive,
And I reſolve my Reign ſhall be ſo good
As ſhall out-weigh my want of right by Blood. [*They all go out.*

Enter Cleopatra, Stratonice, Irene, *and* Hermione.

The SCENE *Nicanor's Pallace*

Stra. That ſacred Friendſhip which ſo firm has ſtood,
And joyns us more than Nature does by Blood,
Makes me not fear, dear Siſter, you'l believe,
That 'tis my Envy this advice does give;
Demetrius has but too officious been,
Perſwading *Tryphon* to make you his Queen;
Improve his Error to Exalt your Fame,
And ſcorn both *Tryphon*'s Scepter and his Flame,
You'l merit to a lawful Throne to riſe,
If an unlawful one you can deſpiſe,

Since

Since greater to the Vertuous 'twill appear
A Crown to Merit then a Crown to wear.
Cleo. Though *Tryphon* did by Blood the Crown obtain,
Yet a Crown worn doth wash off every Stain.
Stra. When Heaven admits a Tyrant to a Throne,
'Tis but from vaster Heights to cast him down,
To doe it whil'st he's climbing would appear
A less Revenge then being seated there,
And since such Guilt does most the Gods incense,
The Punishment should equal the Offence.
Cleo. Since he, while Wicked, in the Throne has stood,
The Gods will not depose him now he's Good,
His past Offences he does much deplore.
Stra. That for their vengeance ripens them the more,
For men might think, were not quick Justice done,
Repentance Usurpation might atone.
Cleo. Ah Sister, those to whom the Gods allow
Repentance, with it give their Pardon too.
Stra. But those who to destroy their Kings consent,
Heaven lets them never perfectly Repent,
But leaves them quite, when they so Wicked be,
His Sorrow is but his Hipocrisie.
Cleo. Let not your Vertue Judge against your Sight,
Nor limit Mercy which is Infinite;
But since a Crown is still the gift of Heaven,
What matter is it by what Hand 'tis given.
Stra. When by a Tyrants Hand a Crown is given,
How can you think that Crown the Gift of Heaven.
Cleo. Since *Tryphon's* in the Throne, what *Syrian* dare,
Without a Crime, dispute how he came there.
Stra. Rather what *Syrian* who dares Vertue own,
Think not he's bound to cast him from the Throne.
My Father great *Nicanor*, I dare say,
Thinks this a Duty which he ought to Pay;
You from this Duty may his hand restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* in one Throne should Reign.
Cleo. Usurpers, who inforc'd their Crimes forsake,
For all past Crimes full satisfaction make;
If I by Love continue *Tryphon* Good,
Nicanor ought not then to shed his Blood;
If he relapse, he by his Death may prove,
His Countrey he more then his Son does love,
Syria to us, what *Tryphon* e're shall doe,
Either his Change or her Revenge shall owe.
Stra. Ah think not Love the softest thing that is
Can dwell in such a Cruel Heart as his.
Cleo. Rather believe since Love has him Inflam'd,
His Heart from Cruelty is now reclaim'd.

Stra. Since by ſuch Guilt he in the Throne does ſit,
Rather believe his Vertue Counterfeit.
Cleo. 'Tis the leaſt Miracle which Love can doe
To change diſſembled Vertue into true.
Stra. Ah *Cleopatra*, this diſcourſe has ſhown
You'l loſe your Happineſs to gain his Throne,
For I was now in brave *Aretus* name,
To have diſclos'd to you his hidden Flame,
A Flame ſo High and ſo Reſpectful too,
As it appear'd worthy of him and you;
Oh had you ſeen the Fear in which he ſpoke,
When he my help did in his Love invoke,
It would have you as well as me it mov'd,
That Fear had let you ſee how much he Lov'd.
Cleo. *Aretus* ought to bluſh that durſt appear
At once my Lover and admit a Fear.
Stra. He of that Fear, rather then bluſh ſhould boaſt,
Since Flames which higheſt riſe ſtill tremble moſt.
Cleo. Sure, my dear *Stratonice*, this is but ſaid
Me from the Love of *Tryphon* to diſſwade,
For did *Aretus* Burn to ſuch degree,
He would have firſt diſclos'd his Flame to me.
Stra. Draw not from what his high Reſpect does prove
An Argument that he is not in Love.
Her. I have obſerv'd ſo has *Irene* too,
Of late *Aretus* often gaz'd on you,
And when by chance your Eyes on him were turn'd,
He with a Sigh would ſeem to ſay he burn'd.
Irene. I muſt acknowledge, Madam, I admire,
That you did ne'r take notice of his Fire;
Hermione and I have often ſaid,
Never more Love in any Looks were read.
Cleo. 'Tis happy for him that he ne'r did dare
Himſelf to me his Paſſion to declare,
For if he had been Guilty of that Crime
'I would have ſuppreſt th' Eſteem I have for him.
Stra. His Vertue the Eſteem of all does move,
But is there nothing due unto his Love?
Cleo. Yes, yes, my Pity while it is conceal'd,
But Hate when 'tis by him to me reveal'd.
Stra. You more then he ſhould this Reſolve deplore.
Cleo. Preſs me, dear *Stratonice*, in this no more,
Tryphon's Addreſs has ſo Succeſsful been,
As he has now my Word to be his Queen.
Stra. Ah ſuch as have to Thrones of Tyrants roſe,
Have been the more expos'd to Fortunes blows.
Cleo. She does not merit on a Throne to ſit,
Who can fear ought more then to miſs of it.

Exeunt.

The.

THE SECOND ACT.

The SCENE *the Palace Garden.*

Demetrius *and* Aretus *as in discourse.*

Dem. BUt for his interrupting of us, you
Had then known all which I have told you now:
Methinks you seem amaz'd at what I said,
Are. Alas your Words have struck me worse then Dead:
Fortune no Curse so bad as this could send,
Made sharper too, since acted by my Friend.
Dem. How could I think that you concern'd had been,
In *Cleopatra*'s being *Tryphon*'s Queen.
Are. I am so much concern'd in it, that I
Rather then see her *Tryphon*'s Wife, wou'd Dye.
Dem. Doe you then love her———
Are. Love's too low a name
For that which does *Aretus* heart Inflame,
For never any Fire resembled mine
But that Bright Fire which in her Eyes does shine.
Dem. Was't fit this Love from me conceal'd should be?
Are. Alas 'twas till last night unknown to me,
Something I felt of late had Charm'd me so,
As did at once Please and Subject me too;
But those Emotions were so far above
All that the World has ever known of Love,
As, that 'twas Love no more by them I knew,
Then I can now describe that Love to you:
'Twas fit that Eyes that shoot unusual Rays
Should kindle Fires too in unusual ways.
Dem. I am not Guilty though my self I Blame,
But Sure you might suppress so young a Flame,
Your Friend from no small Trouble it would free.
Are. Ah 'twere not Love, did it depend on me,
Those Guilty Words therefore you should recall,
Love does not take but gives the Law to all.
Would you not think me cruel or unwise
Should I beg you not to love *Stratonice*?
Dem. I durst not ask that you'de your Love decline,
If it had took so deep a root as mine.

Are. Nothing can fix a Love to ſuch degree
As *Cleopatra*'s Eyes have done in me.
Dem. You have not yet your Conqu'rors Favor gain'd,
But I my *Stratonice*'s have obtain'd,
That Secret's onely truſted to your Breſt.
Are. And there in ſilence it ſhall ever reſt:
But oh in what you ſay you have not prov'd
That I love leſs than you, but leſs am lov'd,
Succeſs may raiſe my Joys but not my Flame,
The World for Love like mine does want a Name.
Dem. Ah my *Aretus*, had I known before,
That you fair *Cleopatra* did Adore,
I had prevented thoſe ſad ſtreights we're in,
And hindred *Tryphon* courting her for Queen;
Now there's no cure for a diſeaſe ſo high.
Are. Yes but there is———
Dem. ———What is't———
Are. ———*Tryphon* ſhall dye;
On two accompts his death to him I owe,
For he's my Tyrant and my Rival too;
Yet with the laſt I merit to be curs'd,
Since I to kill him needed but the firſt.
Dem. In killing him your Countrey you'l expoſe.
Are. Not killing him I *Cleopatra* looſe,
And he unworthy of her will appear
Who above all things does not value her.
Dem. This Truth with greater luſtre may be ſeen,
If you would not oppoſe her being Queen.
Are. I'le not oppoſe (by taking *Tryphon*'s life)
Her being Queen, but being a Tyran's Wife.
Dem. Since ſhe would have him as her Choice or Fate,
She'l take ſuch proofs of Love as proofs of Hate.
Are. Her Virtue which has ſtill appear'd ſo High
Shews 'tis a Marriage of Neceſſity,
Which hath engag'd me by one generous blow
To free my Miſtreſs and my Countrey too.
Farewel, I'le goe and act what I intend,
And if I fall ſay you have loſt a Friend.
[*Embracing him.*
Dem. He'l periſh in th' attempt ——*Aretus* ſtay.
And is there to your Cure no other way?
Are. In ſuch a queſtion you miſpend your Breath,
In Rival Love what Cure is there but Death.
Dem. You'l meet your own, attempting his I fear.
Are. 'Tis worſe then Death to be depriv'd of her,
Farewel——waſt this for which you call'd me back.
Dem. Stay Friend, for I'me contriving for your ſake

That

That which may reach your End a safer way;
Suspend th' Attempt the remnant of this day,
Since in your Love you are engag'd so far,
To serve you in it I'le imploy my care;
You know the Pow'r which I with *Tryphon* have.
Are. This is but spoke th' Usurpers Life to save.
Dem. How's this, your self as me you now offend;
Can you suspect me and yet call me Friend?
Are. What I have said in such a Storm of Fate
Deserves your pity rather then your Hate,
Doe not the Pardon which I beg deny,
'Twas my Distraction wrong'd you and not I.
Dem. Alas I see you are o'ercome with Grief.
Are. Yet to my Sorrows 'twould be some Relief,
Would you then swear if you in your Designe
Should fail, you would assist me then in mine.
Dem. But will you swear his Death you'l not attempt,
If from his Rivalship I you exempt?
Are. In such a vow my self I cannot Trust,
'Tis less to be Unhappy then Unjust,
Which I should be if I to you should give
A promise that I'de let th' Usurper live.
Dem. The Vow whic I desire that you would make
Is not for *Tryphon*'s but for *Syrias* sake.
Are. Poor *Syria*! since *Demetrius* thinks it good
To bind me not to shed thy Tyrants Blood,
What greater Curse could Heaven on thee have sent,
Then make thy safety be thy Punishment
Dem. Since 'tis the will of Heaven we must submit
What will you doe?
Are. I'le doe ——— what shall befit.
Dem. But will you then to no more condescend,
To loose a Rival and oblige a Friend.
Are. Would you have me doe more then what is fit.
Dem. But will you Vow to make me Judge of it?
If by my Power with *Tryphon* and my Skill
I make him cease to Rival you.
Are. I will———
Oh *Cleopatra*! never Lover yet
Did of his Passion give a Proof so great,
With such Devotion to your Eyes I bend,
As I pay them what I deny'd my Friend;
Nay for their sake, and what more could I doe
I spare the Tyrant of my Country too;
If I in this Act against Duties Laws,
Let Love forgive the Effect which Love did cause;
Ah Friend! from me you have extorted now
That which I fear may prove a Guilty Vow,

But

But you are judge of all which gives me Rest.

Dem. Can you then doubt what's trusted to my Breast?

Are. You see I doe it not, since I decline
Even to inquire what you for me designe.

Dem. Fear not, I'le ne're betray a Trust so High.

Are. When you betray me 'tis high time to Dye.

[*Embracing him they goe out.*

The SCENE *Nicanor's Pallace.*

Enter Nicanor, Stratonice, Irene.

Stra. I thought my Sister your consent had got,

Nic. So far from getting, that she ask'd it not;
Hermione to me has been Unjust,
I left my *Cleopatra* to her Trust,
And know not now which most I should Suspect,
Or her Unfaithfulness or her Neglect:
Th' Ambition of your Sister, I foresee,
Will make her Wretched and will Hazard me;
For if she marries *Tryphon* She's undone,
And me he'l ruine if his Love She shun.

Ire. Hermione and I have but one Breast,
And she to me did solemnly protest,
She not, till 'twas too late, the Business knew,
And, Sir, laments for it as much as you.

Nic. In such a Fault she'd show her self Unwise,
If she from you did not her self disguise.

Stra. Hermione is Innocent therein,
Sir, 'tis my Sisters Fate or else her Sin.

Nic. You both absolve *Hermione* from Guilt,
Shew me on what your Confidence it built.

Stra. The cause of mine to you, Sir, I'le relate,
She Loves my Sister and does *Tryphon* Hate;
And would not, Sir, I know, deserve your Frown,
To gain for her own self the *Syrian* Crown

Iren. I know she does *Aretas* much esteem,
And thinks your Daughter only merits him;
And to *Hermione* he told this day
The Love he does to *Cleopatra* pay;
Besides she vow'd to me 'tis her Intent,
In that Address, to be her Confident.

Nic. Does then *Aretus*, *Cleopatra* love?

Stra. And in that height, I fear, his Death 'twill prove,

For

For when he knows she'l be th' Usurpers Wife,
He will attempt his own or *Tryphon*'s Life.
Nic. That Happiness at which I most did aim
Is now fall'n on me, but is fall'n in vain,
That Height'ned Worth *Aretas* still has shown
Makes me esteem him above *Tryphon*'s Throne.
My *Stratonice*, *Irene*, you and I,
Must for this Ill find a quick Remedy;
All must assault her in a several way,
On *Cleopatra* my Commands I'll lay,
And with *Hermione* you two must joyne,
To make your Sister break off her Designe.
Stra. You may be of our best Endeavour sure,
But, Sir, I fear this Ill is past our Cure.
Nic. Those who of Fear in their Attempts admit,
Doe take the surest way to fail in it;
Her Resolutions cannot be above
Her Duty, Friendship, and *Aretus* Love;
But we lose Time while we together stay,
And this Affair admits of no Delay.

[*They goe out several ways.*

Enter Cleopatra, Hermione.

The SCENE *a Garden and a Grove of Trees.*

Her. Forgive me, Madam, that I thus have prest
To know the Grief which does invade your Breast,
For though, when you in publick doe appear,
Your Speech is Chearful and your Looks are Clear,
Yet they are clouded when you are alone,
And every Word is brought forth with a Groan.
Cleo. That which you have observ'd alas is true,
Those various Actings to my Fate are due;
I ought, since Destin'd to a Tyrants Throne,
Joyful to seem, yet mourn when I'm alone,
Nor know I which my Soul does most subdue,
Feigning false Joys, or hiding Grief that's true.
Her. Rather then Grieve methinks you should Rejoyce,
Since *Tryphon*, Madam, you have made your choice.
Cleo. Rather then I, *Hermione*, would have
Tryphon for Husband I would wed my Grave.
Her. Why did you his Addresses then receive,
And ne'r so much as ask *Nicanor*'s leave;

Had you but to your Father told your mind,
He, to prevent it, ſomething had deſign'd.
Cleo. 'Tis that which made me do what I have done,
For I more fear his Ruine then my own.
This is my Duty which appears my Crime,
Better he mourn'd for me then I for him;
But now my Word is given 'tis paſt recall;
I'le be Unhappy to prevent his Fall;
He gave me Life, and therefore for his ſake
The Life he gave me I will Wretched make,
For ſuch 'twill be when I am *Tryphon*'s Wife;
This way alone could Save *Nicanor*'s life,
For by th' Uſurpers Fury he had dy'd,
If he to marry me had been deny'd.
Her. Since 'tis your Duty, Madam, as you own,
And not Ambition led you to the Crown,
Why did you not *Aretus* arm employ,
To ſave your ſelf and *Tryphon* to deſtroy?
Cleo. Ah I was loath to act the Guilty part
Of owing and not Paying him my Heart.
Her. Do you ſo hate him as you'l Wretched be,
Rather then yield his Sword ſhould ſet you Free,
And under *Tryphon* let your Countrey bow,
Sooner then let him ſave both it and you?
Ah, Madam, to my Grief alas I ſee,
That you would now conceal your ſelf from me.
Cleo. Think not that I conceal my ſelf from you,
Telling you what my Duty made me doe.
Ar. Duty might you to marry *Tryphon* lead,
If that alone could ſave *Nicanor*'s head;
But you a much more eaſie way may chuſe,
To reach that End, and yet that Way refuſe.
When, Madam, by purſuing of it, you
Might ſave at once Your Self and Countrey too;
For none but brave *Aretus*, that I ſee,
The valour has to end this Tyranny;
From which his Love to you will him reſtrain,
If you with *Tryphon* as his Queen ſhould Raign.
Alas, what is the poor *Aretus* Crime,
That rather then you'l be oblig'd to him,
You'l of your Country's Tyrant be the Wife,
And which is worſe you'll ſave that Tyrants Life.
Cleo. Doe not I ſhew I think him free from Crime,
That loſe my ſelf rather then hazard him?
Her. In that Attempt he'l but ſome Hazard run,
But if you marry *Tryphon* he's undone;
Thus from the Hazard you *Aretus* free,
But to deſtroy him the more certainly;

Ah, Madam, by ſuch reas'ning you declare,
That in your Confidence I have no ſhare;
'Tis therefore fit our Friendſhip here ſhould End,
For who Diſtruſts, deſerves to loſe a Friend.
And ſince with me ſo cruelly you deal,
I'l bid you now eternally farewell.
Would to the Gods this had been done before,
That none might think I Like what I Abhorre;
But though from you my ſelf I thus divide,
Yet ſtill I'le pray that Heaven may be your Guide.

Cleo. Raiſe not the Sorrows under which I bend,
By threat'ning to deprive me of my Friend,
This uſage ſo ſevere I needs muſt blame.

Her. Why do you thus abuſe that Sacred Name?
Alas for me, it is no longer fit,
For your Miſtruſt, Madam, has cancel'd it;
Therefore from you for ever will I part. { *She offers to goe out.*

Cleo. Oh ſtay and I'l Diſcloſe to you my Heart,
Yet with ſo croſs a Fortune I contend,
As I'm aſham'd to tell it to my Friend.

Her. What ever Sorrows have oppreſt your Heart,
Yet ſince you ſtrove to hide your ſelf by Art
From me whom you call Friend, you ought much more
That Sin then thoſe Misfortunes to Deplore.

Cleo. My Grief from you I will no longer hide,
That you may Pity her whom now you Chide;
But let us firſt, *Hermione*, remove
To ſome ſuch Shady Place as yonder Grove,
That when to you my Secret I commit,
You ſcarce may ſee how much I bluſh at it.

[*They goe out.*

Enter Tryphon *and* Selecus.

The SCENE Tryphons's *Apartment.*

Sel. Forgive me, Sir, if I preſume to ſay
You have appear'd in too much Grief this day,
And all laſt night you took ſo little Reſt
As if ſome Sorrow had your Heart oppreſt.

Try. Alas, *Seleucus*, I am under, now,
Sorrows, would make the Strongeſt Soul to Bow,
And I have often for *Demetrius* ſent,
That in his Friendſhip I might give them vent;

But

But since he does not come, and since I know
That perfect Friendship which he has for you,
Being with Trouble so much overprest,
I will commit that Secret to your Breast.
Sel. This Favour no addition can admit,
Unless, Sir, I may serve you too in it.
Try. That Friendship for *Demetrius* which I have,
And which shall never cease but in the Grave,
Made me resolve by his Advice to gain
The *Syrians* kindness by a gentle Reign,
And since *Nicanor's* Vertue most does Shine,
That I without Reserve might make him Mine,
I by *Demetrius* Councell too was led
To raise *Nicanor's* Daughter to my Bed
Sel. Which of *Nicanor's* Daughters is it, Sir,
That he would have you to your Crown preferr.
Try. 'Tis *Cleopatra* whose bright Eyes I own
Makes her deserve to share the *Syrian* Throne;
You seem to Sigh at what I told you now.
Sel. Under your Grief how could I choose but Bow,
But under what Affliction can you bend,
Having a Crown, that Mistress, and that Friend?
Try. Most men with one of those might Happy be,
But I am Wretched though I have all three.
For Heaven decrees, from whence our Law we take,
How much shall every mortal Happy make,
And if he does but fail in one of those
Desires, which must that Happiness compose,
That one Deny'd, though with all th'other Blest,
Will rob him of the Gust of all the rest:
If I must Love and in Love miss my ends,
Fortune in vain sends me a Crown and Friends.
Sel. Do's *Cleopatra* your Addresses slight?
Try. That she'l receive them e'en my Heart does fright;
I who undaunted through such Storms did steer
As the most Brave would tremble but to hear,
I who have Kings depos'd, and Battels won,
And never any thing like Fear have known,
Am now to see my Deerest Friend affraid,
And of the yieldings of a Lovely Maid,
Sel. To share your Crown can you esteem her fit,
And yet, Sir, fear that she'l accept of it?
Those words appear a Mistery to me.
Try. Seleucus, I'll unvail the Mistery;
'Twas yesterday that I *Demetrius* sent,
My Crown to *Cleopatra* to present;
But 'twas last night alas that I did see
A Brighter Beauty which has Conquer'd me,

Whose

Whose Eyes are blest with such a Pow'rful charm
They Burn those Hearts which others can but warm;
Till I that Beauty saw, I did believe,
A man resolv'd the Law to Love could give.
Sel. Why should you, Sir, appear afflicted now,
Since tis to so much Beauty that you Bow;
Love is a Fate which every one must Taste,
Some soon, some late, but all must Burn at last.
Your Fate you Rather should Applaud then Blame,
(Since you must Burn) that 'tis in such a Flame.
Try. To wear her Chains, *Seleucus* is to Me
A Happiness transcending Liberty,
Then do no longer think it is my Love,
But 'tis my Friendship does my Torment prove,
Since with *Demetrius* I did once contract,
I never yet, in Thought or Word or Act,
Yielded to what might it in Question call,
But now I fear, *Seleucus*, that I shall;
For while that he by me employ'd has been
To Court fair *Cleopatra* for my Queen,
This other Beauty has so Conquer'd me,
As without her thy Prince must Wretched be,
Which justly my *Demetrius* will offend:
Hard choice when I must wrong my Love or Friend.
Sel. Is this, Sir, the Misfortune you Lament?
Try. You ask as if Fate could a Worse have sent.
Sel. *Demetrius* would not Merit your Esteem,
If that which makes your Joy should Trouble him.
Try. Yet that I shall offend him I must Grieve.
Sel. Such an Offence as this he'l soon Forgive.
Try. My Grief, (though he forgave it) would not end,
'Tis much to need the Pardon of a Friend.
Sel. 'Tis more when Fortune does a Subject bring
To such a height as to Forgive his King,
That Glory will the heavyest Wrong outweigh.
Try. Through all this Darkness I might see some Day,
If my *Demetrius* e're in Love had bin,
For then he'd judge this Change my Fate not Sin:
Lovers still pay to Love a deep Respect,
And where Love is, Causes excuse th' Effect.
Sel. At my request, Sir, banish all your Care,
Leave it to me to manage this Affair.
Try. Ah if to this thou giv'st a Happy End, } *Embracing him.*
Thou hast for ever made thy King thy Friend; }
'Tis not enough that he forgives my Sin,
He must be still my Friend as he hath been;
For know I need my Sorrows to remove,
As much his Friendship, as my conqu'rours Love,

Since if to Win the Laſt I Loſe the Firſt.
I ſhall thereby at once be bleſt and Curſt.

[*They go out.*

The End of the ſecond Act.

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE *An obſcure Grove.*

Enter Cleopatra *and* Hermione.

Cleo. DOe not, my dear *Hermione*, admire,
That to this Gloomy Grove I did retire,
Since here I thought I could my Heart Reveal,
While the kind Shade my Bluſhes did Conceal;
But now I find I'm in as High a Fright,
To tell my Fate in Darkneſs as in Light:
Shame, like the World when it in *Chaos* lay,
Knows not diſtinction betwixt Night and Day;
Ah, judge what are my Troubles, ſince I fear
Their ſad Relation from my ſelf to hear.

Her. No ſuch Juſt cauſe of Grief your Fate can ſend
As, Madam, at this rate to uſe your Friend;
'Tis by that Pow'rful Name I beg again,
That you'l from me no longer hold your Pain,
Perhaps I may the Cauſe of it remove.

Cleo. Oh tell me firſt, have you been e're in Love.

Her. Why, Madam, doe you aſk ——

Cleo. ——Becauſe I know
That none can eaſe my Pain that is not ſo,

Her. I was, but Love to Friendſhip did ſubmit.

Cleo. Ah 'twas not Love, if ought could Conquer it,
You lov'd not well, or knew his Pow'r but Ill,
That ſay you were in Love and are not ſtill,
The Name of Love for Love it ſelf you took,
Since Real Love can never be forſook:
Had yours been True, you might as well have ſwore
You doe not Live as that you Love no more.

Her. What you have ſpoken does, methinks, declare,
You to the Pow'r of Love no ſtranger are;
But would you thus reproach me if you knew
That what you now condemn I did for you?

Cleo. Why did you ceaſe to be in Love for me?

Her. By many Proofs I did ſo clearly ſee

That

That ſuch a Pleaſing Sadneſs conquer'd you,
As I to Love could judge it only due,
And ſince your Heart and Mine were ſtill ſo like,
I fear'd one Arrow both of us did ſtrike.
Cleo. Ah ſay not that your Heart reſembles Mine,
Since you once Lov'd and could your Love decline,
Nor can I fancy who this Man can be,
Whom you could leave yet think could Conquer me.
Her. Aretus is ——
Cleo. Aretus did you name?
Her. And at that word your Face is in a Flame,
What Friendſhip ſhould have done your Bluſhes doe,
They are to me more Kind and Juſt then you,
Why has *Hermione* been thus abus'd:
Cleo. May not one bluſh that's wrongfully accus'd?
Her. But my belief on a ſure ground is built,
I ſee your Love to him, to me your Guilt,
Madam, a Bluſh, when Love is in the caſe,
Is in Effect the Conſcience of the Face:
Though in this Secret you my Faith did doubt,
Deny it not now I have found it out.
Cleo. Too much your Friendſhip I have Wrong'd and Try'd,
My Bluſhes tell you what my Words deny'd;
Alas I fear I for *Aretus* prove
That Fatal State the World does call in Love;
Yet doe not, ſince I did but Hide my Flame,
Condemn my Friendſhip but Commend my Shame:
Nor blame me if to you I fear'd to ſhow
What of my ſelf I am aſham'd to know;
But my *Hermione*, ſince you could ſee
That Pow'rful Paſſion which has Conquer'd me,
Spight of my Care to Cloud it, oh I fear
It may to others as to you appear;
Should that befall me which ſo much I dread,
Honour and Grief would juſtly ſtrike me dead.
Her. That Fear you ought not, Madam, to admit.
Cleo. How did you then come to diſcover it?
Her. That Grief which when retir'd, you ſtill expreſt,
Made me Suſpect what now you have confeſt,
For ſhe who Grieves while courted by a King,
Shews that ſuch Grief alone from Love can ſpring;
And when I found you Lov'd, I quickly knew,
Your Love could be but to *Aretus* due,
VVhich ſince you have acknowledg'd, give me leave
To ask why *Tryphon*'s Love you did receive;
VVas not Ambition in your ſoul too ſtrong?
Cleo. Doe not at once my Love and Vertue wrong

For

For if I had *Aretus* Paſſion known
I would have valu'd it above a Throne?
Her. But now 'tis known why is it not embrac'd?
Cleo. Becauſe my word was firſt to *Tryphon* paſt.
Her. As you my Love, ſo I your Love muſt blame,
Since you before your Love prefer your Fame.
Cleo. I ſhould appear unfit for his Eſteem
Did I not value more my Word then Him;
And this great Pleaſure, to my Act is due,
That which does loſe me him, deſerves him too;
Ah why did not *Aretus* let me ſee,
That Paſſion which you ſay he has for me,
Before my promiſe was to *Tryphon* paſt?
Her. But why to give it did you make ſuch haſt?
Cleo. I fear'd that he who did my Heart ſubdue,
Would, my *Hermione*, have ſeen it too,
And I his Love for ever would decline,
Rather then he ſhould firſt diſcover mine;
'Twas fitter ſince I ow'd it to my Fame,
To ſuffer Ruine then to merit Shame;
Her. But e're you did admit the King's Addreſs,
Aretus looks did ſo much Flame expreſs,
As ſure you could not but his Paſſion ſee.
Cleo. That's not enough, he ſhould have told it me:
But whatſoe'r his Proofs of Love have been,
By me, Dear Friend, alas they were not ſeen,
For I ſo fear'd that I might act amiſs
In my own Love that I ne'r minded his;
Bluſhes a Womans Paſſion may reveal,
But Men their Paſſion by their Words ſhould tell.
Her. Could he your Love more Generouſly ſeek,
Then to deſerve it and yet Nothing Speak?
Cleo. Rather what more could he have done amiſs,
Then loſe my Love by ſo Concealing his?
A Love that is at once both Great and Strong,
While it doth bind the Heart, Sets free the Tongue;
And leſt that mine ſhould make me Faulty prove,
I to my Honour Sacrific'd my Love;
For I did fear his Merit was ſo Great,
That asking Nothing he might All Things get.
Her. How cruel is your Vertue or your Fate
Which makes your Love produce th' Effects of Hate?
Cleo. *Aretus* yet more Cruelty does ſhow,
That durſt Love me, yet durſt not tell me ſo.
Her. You doe him Double Wrong, ſince his Reſpect
You firſt Miſtake, then Puniſh as Neglect;
Such awful Flames you in his Heart have bred,
As he thinks Silence ought his Love to plead;

He but defers to Speak what he does feel,
Till by his Actions you his Love may tell;
And to declare his Paſſion does delay,
Only to ſhow it you the Nobleſt Way.

Cleo. Fatal Delay, the Fatal'ſt that could be,
It loſes me to him and him to me;
Yet ſuch a High Reſpect to him I pay,
That on my Self I'le Puniſh his Delay;
And ſince my Promiſe is to *Tryphon* made,
To Break it Love it ſelf ſhall not perſwade;
That which for me your Friendſhip made me doe,
My Honour makes me now Perform for you;
Your Rival I will never be again.

Her. I for *Aretus* did a Love but feign,
That in your Bluſhes, Madam, I might ſee
What by your Modeſty was hid from me;
Yet had I lov'd, I'de not that Love purſue,
Since you beſt merit him as he does you;
But how can you ſo juſt to Honour prove,
And yet reſolve to be Unjuſt to Love?
Ah you much more then he have done amiſs,
You prize your Word more then your Flame and his,
And by a Sacred Bond your ſelf you Tye
To him you hate, and him you love you Fly.

Cleo. I owe him leſs then I doe owe my Flame,
And fly not from his Love but from my Shame;
She to her Honour too Unjuſt does prove
Who dares not value it above her Love;
Preſs me not then to Doe what I ſhould Shun,
Rather then be Unjuſt I'le be undone:
Thoſe who are loſt while Vertue they purſue
In their Deſtruction find their Comfort too.

[*They goe out.*

The SCENE Demetrius *Apartment.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Seleucus.

Sel. Thoſe were the Words which did betwixt us paſs,
But I perceive ſome Sadneſs in your Face.

My Heart and Face doe then but ill agree,
Since nothing could more welcome ſeem to me.

Sel. I cannot gueſs from whence your Joy ſhould riſe,
Since *Tryphon* told me 'twas by your Advice,
That he did offer her to be his Queen,
And, which is more, that you employ'd had been,
To Court her to be Conſort to his Throne,

Dem. All this and more then this I freely own,

For I not only woo'd her to be Queen,
But her Conſent to be it I did winn;
But why at this, *Seleucus*, do you ſtart? [*He ſtarts.*
Sel. Alas what you have ſaid has pierc'd my Heart,
Yet from my Friend I'le not my ſelf diſguiſe;
The Charming Light of *Cleopatra*'s Eyes
Over my Soul the Victory did win,
But to her ſelf this has a Secret been;
For, my *Demetrius*, I did judge it fit,
Not Words, but Service ſhould diſcover it,
That High Reſpect I did reſolve was due
To ſuch a Beauty and ſuch Paſſion too;
Methinks at this which I have ſpoke you ſtart,
I think her Beauties too have pierc'd your Heart.
Dem. How can you think for *Tryphon* I'de appear,
If I my ſelf had been in Love with her?
Sel. But why ſhould you ſuch Satisfaction ſhow,
That he declines what you adviſ'd him to?
Ah ſure your Liberty ſhe did ſurpriſe,
Since firſt to court her you did him adviſe;
I ſee what Beauty has made *Tryphon* doe,
What it has wrought in him it may in you,
And what I ſaid ſuch Change in you did move,
As I have Cauſe t'impute it to your Love.
Dem. If any Change does in my Looks appear,
'Tis not, I vow, that I'm in Love with her.
Sel Give me then leave there my Addreſs to make.
Dem. That's what I cannot Give but you may Take,
Sel. Neither for *Tryphon* nor your ſelf to woo,
And yet deny me leave to court her too?
I cannot gueſs what 'tis that you intend.
Dem. I were unfit to be *Seleucus* Friend,
Should I act otherwiſe then now I doe,
For he who to one Friend does prove untrue
That he may gain another Friends Eſteem,
Deſerves too juſtly to loſe both of them:
Though I am yours above what I can ſay,
Yet I muſt be it too in Honours way;
In Friendſhip every other Tenure's Ill,
By that mine has been held and ſhall be ſtill.
Sel. Fate o're my hopes another Cloud does ſend,
I'm Rival'd and by one that is your Friend;
But may you not acquaint me with his Name,
Who is my Fellow Martyr in this Flame?
Dem. No I'le be juſt to both, he ſhall not know
You Rival him or that he Rivals you;
Yet both thus far ſhall be oblig'd to me,
From *Tryphon*'s Rivalſhip I'le ſet you free:

But

But did he not acquaint you with her Name
Who in his Heart has lighted such a Flame?
Sel. So vast a Cause of Joy to me it prov'd
That he no longer *Cleopatra* lov'd,
As I did not remember to inquire.
Who this new Passion did in him inspire.
Dem. By what he said could you not guess at it?
Sel. Ah! he who *Cleopatra*'s Love could quit,
The Pow'r of Love for ever must forswear,
For could he Love, who should he love but her?
Sure this new Love is but a Love of State,
But he for our return too much may wait.
Dem. I long to know to whom he does Submit,
As much as he that I'le consent to it.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Nicanor's *Pallace.*

Enter Nicanor, Stratonice, Aretus *and* Irene.

Ire. Sir, that *Demetrius* may your Pardon win,
That he made *Tryphon* court her for his Queen,
He bad me tell you every way he'l try
To make that Love, which he gave Life to, Dy,
And hopes himself this night to let you know
He has perform'd what he has promis'd you,
Nic. I at this Promise so much Joy admit,
As nought can Heighten but his doing it.
Stra. What e'r *Demetrius* hopes yet, Sir, I fear
Tryphon will not decline his Love for her.
Nic. *Demetrius* Pow'r with him you know is Great.
Stra. The Pow'r of Beauty, Sir, is Greater yet,
And though th' Usurper were more fierce and strong,
A Family like ours he durst not wrong.
Nic. Who dares in Royal Blood his hands imbrue,
What is it, after, which he dares not doe?
Nor can he think his leaving her a Crime,
Since 'tis what we so much desire of him.
Stra. Though 'tis what we most wish, yet, Sir, you know
Since none of us will tell him that 'tis so,
'T will as a Wrong on us to him appear,
And therefore to perform it he will fear,
For though *Antiochus*'s Blood he spilt,
Yet for a Crown he did contract that Guilt,
And by the Wicked nothing can be known
Of too High Price, when 'tis to buy a Throne:
They will Do All, that they in one may Sit,
But Suffer All rather then hazard it.

Nic.

Nic. Yet since *Demetrius* takes of it the care,
I of a good Event would not despair.
Stra. I fear th' Usurper will his Suit deny.
Nic. Let's not afflict our selves by Prophesie.
Are. The Wrath of Heaven must needs that man pursue
Who tyrannizes Men and Beauty too.
Stra. But though the Punishments from Heaven we know
Are always Just, yet they are often Slow.
Are. When e're a Subject does Usurp a State,
Any brave hand has right to act his Fate:
The Gods make every Man a Judge of him
Who against every Man commits a Crime;
And Heav'n permitted him to act this last
T' invite us to Revenge all that is past;
What more to merit Death could *Tryphon* do,
Then to offend the Crown and Beauty too?
Nic. He whom the Gods into the Throne doe call,
Should therefore only by their Justice fall.
Are. Heaven's Justice Monarchs only should dethrone,
But Tyrants they abandon to our own;
The Right they give us we too much abuse,
Hoping they'll Act what we our selves refuse;
The Pow'rs Divine we injure, while we thus
Remit to them what they have left to us.
Nic. Yet he's to blame who does to Death pursue
That Man to whom the Name of King is due.
Are. But him with greater Justice we should blame
Who as his due usurps that Sacred Name;
Since he our lawful Monarch's Blood has spilt,
Who e're revenges not, contracts the Guilt.
Nic. If *Tryphon* by a private Hand does fall,
That Hand wrongs him as much as he wrong'd all;
Th' Affronts which are on a whole Nation laid,
By that whole Nation ought to be repaid;
It should not by a Single Hand be done.
Ar. What's due from All is due from Every one,
And since the *Syrians* doe decline to Pay
That Righteous Debt, I that am willing may.
Nic. Doe you their Thoughts by Silence understand?
Ar. Their Silence in this case is their Command;
Who is it at his Reign does not repine
That to gain Pow'r kill'd all the Royal Line?
Such Usurpation every one does fright.
Nic. VVhere none can claim, Possession is a Right.
Ar. All have more Right, since he those Crimes has done,
To *Tryphon*'s Life then he has to the Crown:
Fair *Cleopatra*'s Danger calls on us
To free her and revenge *Antiochus*:

'Twere

Twere Sin if longer we the Crimes withstood
Of Injur'd Beauty and of Guiltless Blood.
Nic. Suspend this Generous Anger till we know
What in her Cause *Demetrius* can doe.
Ar. But if *Demetrius*, Sir, should not prevail.
Nic. I then will find a way which shall not fail.
Ar. May you not, discover it to me?
Nic. Not till th' Event of this Design I see,
Then I engage; if he successless prove,
I'le free my Daughter from th' Usurpers Love;
Be pleas'd, Sir, to depend on what I say.
Ar. What you Command 'tis fit I should Obey.

[*They goe out.*

Enter Tryphon, Demetrius, *and* Seleucus.

The SCENE Tryphon's *Apartment.*

Try. Though many Proofs you gave that you're my Friend,
Yet this last Proof does all the rest transcend,
For you in this have evidently shown
That you are more my Friend then you're your own;
Never was any Torment yet above
That in which Friendship does contest with Love;
But what you now have said has cur'd my Pain.
Sel. When of the Fate you did to me complain,
I told you from *Demetrius* you would find
A Cure for all th' Afflictions of your Mind.
Try. You did, I of his Friendship judg'd amiss,
I fear'd 'twas not what now I find it is;
But yet I cannot say that I am more
His Friend since this then I was heretofore,
My Kindness for you to such Height was grown
As it could not admit Accession. ——— [*Embracing* Demetrius.
Dem. Ah, Sir, those Words which now were spoke by you
O're pay all I have done or e're can doe,
Yet I may say, and not Presumptious be,
Some Reparation, Sir, was due to me,
Since you could doubt I valu'd any thing
Above the Blessing, Sir, to serve my King.
Try. That Error to repair, I'le now employ
Onely your help to place me in my Joy;
By such fair Eyes my Heart has been surpriz'd,
As I adore that Passion I despis'd;
I who till now Loves Votaries did blame,
Find him a God I thought was but a Name:
This Heart which has been bred in War and Blood,
And all Death's Horrors dauntlesly withstood,

Charm'd by Loves Magick trembles with ſuch Fear,
As I her Conqueſt dare not tell to her;
Which ſhows that in her Bright Triumphant Eyes
A Fate more to be fear'd, then Dying, lies;
Your Help, my Dear *Demetrius*, I muſt Seek,
To tell her what to her I dare not ſpeak.

Dem. Whatever you Command I muſt Obey,
Yet pardon me if I preſume to ſay,
How can ſhe think you to her Eyes ſubmit
If you your ſelf, Sir, will not tell her it?

Try. Ah in this anſwer I your Fear perceive,
That I'l repeat that Fault you did forgive;
No, my firſt Love was but a Love of State,
But this Love is as much my Choice as Fate;
She with ſo ſtrange a Fire my Breaſt does fill,
As I to quench it want the Pow'r and Will.

Dem. Permit me then th' Imployment to decline,
For ſince her Beauties with ſuch Luſtre Shine,
They may wound me, for 'tis a likelier thing
She ſhould ſubdue a Subject then a King.

Try. I know your Friendſhip which you have for me
Againſt her Eyes your Antidote will be.

Dem. Yet Vaſſals, Sir, and Monarchs are alike,
When e're the Dart of Love or Death does ſtrike.

Try. Let not ſuch Fear your Sacred Friendſhip blot,
Why ſhould you doubt it when I doubt it not?
But to confirm you, know you oft have ſeen
Her whom I'de have you court to be my Queen;
And ſince to her Bright Eyes you did not bow
E're I ador'd them, you'l not doe it now;
For, my *Demetrius*, 'tis her Beauties Right,
That who can Love muſt Love her at firſt Sight,
Nor ſhall I think, if you th' Imployment wave,
You have forgiv'n me as you ſaid you have.

Dem. Ah then, Sir, 'tis unfit I ſtruggle more,
Tell me that Beauties name which you adore,
And all her Charms, to ſerve you, I'le deſpiſe,
This, Sir, I vow.

Try. Her name is — *Stratonice.* (Demetrius *ſtarts and trembles.*
Why at that Name Tremble you thus and ſtart?

Dem. Oh why am I Condemn'd to Act this Part?
Alas how can I to that Beauty goe,
Whoſe Siſter you by me have injur'd ſo?
Who are to one another too ſo Kind,
As Friendſhip them does more then Nature bind:
They are alike concern'd in all they doe,
And who wrongs one does wrong the other too.

Try.

Try. These Words have almost made my Joys compleat;
For since their Friendship is so Firm and Great,
I shall, presenting *Stratonice* my Crown,
Repair what to her Sister I have done,
Who since the Wrong she did by you Endure,
'Tis just she should from You Receive her Cure.
By this a Treble Gainer you will be,
For you'l oblige Your self, and Her and Me.

Dem. Oh Sir, forgive me if I let you know,
That 'tis your Love not Reason argues so,
For to their Friendship it will give an End,
Should she wed him who has so wrong'd her Friend;
Honour would make her too the Throne despise,
To which she by her Sisters Fall must Rise;
That Family to visit I'm unfit;
Having so much affronted one of it.

Try. I wrong but one while I my Love recall,
But marrying th' other I oblige them All;
That Family will with a Fault dispence,
Whose Reparation does exceed th' Offence;
'Twas Interest my first Address did move,
But this Address is the Result of Love;
Whatever Fault True Love does make us doe,
Must carry with th' Offence the Pardon too:
On this Obliging Embassy then goe,
And let me to my Friend my Mistress ow;
Lay at her Feet at once my Crown and Heart,
My Joy depends on th' Acting of your Part.

[Demetrius *offers to speak.*

Then Strive no more, since what I ask you now
Is what you owe My Friendship and Your Vow;
While *Stratonice* you to my Throne invite,
To *Cleopatra* my Excuse I'le write.

[Tryphon *goes out.*

Demetrius *stands gazing after him.*
Seleucus *Enters.*

Sel. You in your Looks have so much trouble shown,
As I dare hardly venture you alone;
So great and Moving your Disorders be,
As I partake in Griefs which I but see.

Dem. Alas, I have receiv'd so strange a Blow,
As I endure more Grief then I can show.

Sel. To my unequall'd Friendship be so just,
As to commit your Secret to my Trust;
To cure those Sorrows under which you bend,
Imploy the Life and Service of your Friend;

Some

Some fatal Grief does now your Soul ſurprize,
Or you are too in Love with *Stratonice*,
For I perceiv'd, when he pronounc'd her Name,
You trembled and your Face was in a Flame,
Dem. Admire not at thoſe Sorrows which I ſhow,
Since you their Cauſe at once both aſk and know;
On me what ſharper Curſe could Fortune bring,
Then make my Rival be my Friend and King.
Sel. Under the liſte Misfortune I did Bow,
And Suffer'd Lately what you Suffer Now;
Since his Inconſtancy my Pain has Cur'd,
Be in my Fortune of your own aſſur'd.
Dem. Who thinks, does know her Beauties Pow'r but ill,
That who once Lov'd her will not Love her ſtill.
Sel. Doe not by that Belief your Grief Inflame,
Of *Cleopatra*'s Eyes I thought the ſame;
His Friendſhip ſure as ſtrong for you will be,
As his Inconſtancy has been for me.
Dem. Have you forgotten what he lately ſaid,
'Twas a State Love he *Cleopatra* paid.
But o're this Love what can the Conqueſt get,
Which makes State-Intereſt reſigne to it?
Than doe not think he did your Fear remove
By his Inconſtancy but by his Love;
Our Stars on us with different Influence Shine,
What wrought your Cure makes me deſpair of mine.
Sel. Part of your Secrets truſted to my Breaſt,
To ſerve you, I now beg to know the Reſt;
You told me *Stratonice* had Conquer'd you,
Now let me know if ſhe does Love you too.
Dem. Ah if I were not in that happy State,
Why ſhould I thus exclaim againſt my Fate?
Sel. I cannot See, ſince you are ſure of her,
Why you the King ſhould as a Rival fear;
Since ſhe does You and Virtue ſo eſteem,
She'l value you more then ſhe'l value him.
Dem. Her Love to me and Virtue ſhine ſo clear,
As 'twere a Sin her Rivalſhip to fear;
No 'tis not that from whence my Sorrows riſe,
But I, not dreaming he lov'd *Stratonice*,
Am by a Fatal yet a Solemn Vow
Ingag'd to Court for him my Miſtriſs now;
Should I not doe it I my ſelf Forſwear,
And doing it I Wrong my Love and her;
Never Misfortune did ſo cruel prove,
I muſt betray my Friend or elſe my Love;
Seleucus, 'tis a Horrid Choice, when I,
Rather then either chooſe, would chooſe to Dy.

Sel.

Sel. Your Caſe is hard, it cannot be deny'd,
Yet *Stratonice*'s Love is on your ſide;
I againſt Fortune juſtlier might repine,
For that Fate you deplore I wiſh were Mine;
That *Cleopatra*'s Love might be for me,
I would conſent he ſhould my Rival be;
But ſince the King your Paſſion never knew,
And ſince his Friendſhip is ſo firm to you,
Hide not from him the Pain that you are in;
Friendſhip o're Love the Victory may win.
Dem. Ah if I told him I his Rival am,
And that his Miſtreſs does approve my Flame,
Alas a much more likely Way 'twill prove,
To Raiſe his Height then to Suppreſs his Love;
My Flame muſt therefore be conceal'd by you,
Rivals in Love and Friends none ever knew.
Sel. My Truth in ſuch a Secret doe not fear,
Tell me the Courſe that you reſolve to ſteer,
That I in it may uſeful be to you. Demetrius *ſtudies a while.*
Dem. I am reſolv'd to Doe what I did Vow,
For were I Guilty of ſo Mean a Thing
As to be Falſe both to my Friend and King,
And ſhould thereby my End in Love obtain,
The Joy would ſcarce be equal to the Pain;
Perhaps ſhe will not be to me Severe,
When Sacred Friendſhip onely made me erre,
Methinks it were Injuſtice to ſuſpect,
When that's the Cauſe, that ſhe'll condemn th' Effect,
Sel. While ſuch an unexampled Act you doe,
She cannot Blame ſo much as Pity you.
Dem. To loſe her, yet Deſerve her is more fit,
Then to Poſſeſs her and not Merit it.

[*They goe out.*

The End of the Third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The SCENE Nicanor's *Pallace.*

Stratonice, Demetrius *and* Irene.

Ire. to Str. SUch are the Sorrows he does now endure,
As, if You are not, Death will be his Cure.
Stra. Thoſe Griefs, *Demetrius*, which in you I ſee
Contagious prove and have infected me;

You are Unkind since you the Cauſe conceal
Of Sorrows whoſe Effect your Looks reveal.

Dem. Madam, I hop'd you rather would deplore
Thoſe Griefs I bear, then load me thus with more,
Judge with what Malice Fate does me purſue,
Since I'm affraid to tell my Grief to you;
To you who onely have the Pow'r to Cure
Thoſe Matchleſs Miſeries which I endure.

Stra. Alas what you have told me now, I find,
More then your Silence is to me Unkind,
For you lament, and in a high degree,
Thoſe Griefs whoſe Cure you ſay depends on me:
What have I done that you ſhould uſe me ſo?

Dem. Ah Madam, ſure you my Tranſgreſſion know,
Or your Reſentments could not be ſo High,
As by ſuch Cruel Words to make me Dye,
Which now I humbly beg your leave to do,
Since twice you ſay I was unkind to you;
But for thoſe Words I never could have thought,
That my Misfortune did Tranſcend my Fault,
I muſt Deſpair your Pardon now to win,
My Grief for needing it being judg'd my Sin.

Stra. You never my Reſentments did provoke
But by your Silence and what now you ſpoke.

Dem. Would to the Gods I never had, then I
Should but Unhappy and not Guilty Die,
But I alaſs muſt by a Fatal Oath
Ending my Life, contract the Guilt of both,
That is my Fate whatever I ſhall doe.

Stra. I fear your Sorrows have diſtracted you.

Dem. Alas Diſtraction, Madam, would appear
A Happineſs compar'd to what I bear,
For though the Joys I in your Love Receive
Tranſcend all thoſe which Heaven to me can give,
Yet I thoſe Charming Glories muſt foregoe,
And to my ſelf the Sin thereof muſt owe.

Stra. Demetrius, I believ'd you had a Soul
Which could th' approaches of Deſpair controul.

Dem. Condemn not, Madam, the Deſpair I ſhow,
Since *Tryphon* is declar'd my Rival now.

Stra. Since this is the Misfortune you deplore,
I have more cauſe to Blame you then before,
For could you Grieve at this, did you not fear
I would his Crown above your Love preferre?
By your firſt Fault you did but wrong my Love,
But this a wrong does to my Vertue prove;
Alas what two worſe Actions could you doe,
Then thus to doubt my Love and Vertue too.

Dem.

Dem. Ah Madam, if you would have heard me out,
You would have found that I do neither doubt,
For Nothing can to either equal be,
But that Misfortune which has fall'n on me;
When I thus grieve he does my Rival prove.
I fear his Cruelty, not doubt your Love;
But though his Fire for you I muſt Lament,
Yet Fate on me a ſharper Curſe has ſent;
For he not knowing I his Rival am,
Imploys me to acquaint you with his Flame;
To court you for him I am hither ſent
And he his Rival makes his Confident.

Stra. He has more cauſe to mourn for this then you.

Dem. Yet to a Truſt Fidelity is due,
That Man who can be faithleſs to his Friend,
Though 'tis in Love, deſerves to loſe his End:
Could I but one Unworthy Action doe,
I ſhould by it forfeit my Right in you,
And though you might to Pardon me think fit
Yet to my ſelf I ne'r could Pardon it.

Stra. Heaven this ſtrict Vertue does in you Inſpire,
Which therefore I Condemn not but Admire;
Then with what you did Promiſe him Comply,
But what you ask for Him I'le ſtill Deny;
Thus you to Friendſhips Duty Juſt may prove,
And I as Faithful to the Rights of Love.

Dem. Oh gods! What is *Demetrius*'s Offence,
That you to him ſo ſtrange a Fate diſpence;
Your fierceſt Anger could not plague him worſe,
Then thus to turn his Bleſſings to his Curſe;
Your Love and Vertue which ſhould give Relief,
But more contributes to augment my Grief,
Yes, Madam, your Inconſtancy and Hate
Had been to me a leſs Tormenting Fate,
Leſs Horror I had felt from Deaths Aſſault
Caus'd by my Miſtreſs Juſtice then my Fault;
I'me as Unfortunate as you are Fair.

Stra. Alas what cauſes in you this Deſpair?
Since I have left you know how you might be
Juſt to your Vows, to *Tryphon* and to Me.

Dem. 'Tis more then all the World has Pow'r to doe,
I muſt be Falſe to Him or Falſe to You,
For not believing he Ador'd your Eyes,
I ſwore a ſolemn Oath I would deſpiſe
His Conquerors Charms to ſerve him, thus you ſee
I muſt Forſake you or muſt Perjur'd be,
I know which of the two I ought to doe,
'Tis leſs to looſe then be unfit for you;

Heaven

Heaven which your Merits and my Faults has known
Calls me to Death, you to the *Syrian* Throne;
Death is to my Ambitious Paſſion due
Which from the Throne can onely hinder you,
My Fate I therefore ſhall Undaunted bear,
Since 'tis my Ruine helps to raiſe you there.

Stra. Could I of what you now propoſe admit,
I of that Throne ſhould judge my ſelf Unfit;
Tryphon to gain it has acquir'd ſuch Hate,
As 'tis ſcarce ſtrong enough to bear his Weight,
And to his Guilt if I ſhould add my own,
'T would be a Certain Way to ſink the Throne.

Dem. If with his Pow'r your Vertue you do mix,
Madam, The Throne you would not Sink but Fix;
Then what he offers you vouchſafe to take,
Both for your own and for your Countreys ſake.

Stra. My Countrey will deſerve thoſe Chains ſhe's in,
Could ſhe conſent to break them by my Sin.

Dem. Your Countrey cannot charge you with a Crime,
Since, Madam, I Reſign you up to Him.

Stra. Reſign me up to Him! Ah you ſhall find,
That I to *Tryphon* will not be Reſign'd;
Now you Pretend to more then you can Do,
For you'd Forſake me and Beſtow me too;
You may, if you think fit, your Love decline
But I, *Demetrius*, ne'r can alter mine.

Dem. Ah the more Kindneſs you to me Expreſs,
You ſtill to it Intitle me the leſs.

Stra. I ſee too clearly what you told me now,
And mourn your Sin more then the Loſing you;
Yet I by Scorning *Tryphon* will make known,
I Value you more then the *Syrian* Throne;
If to your Guilt I ſo Obliging prove,
Ah judge what I'de have been unto your Love;
Farewel, you are the firſt the World e're knew
Who Lov'd his Miſtreſs and Forſook her too.

Stratonice *and* Irene *goe out*
Demetrius *gazing after them.*

Dem. Thus when the Sun from us withdraws his Light,
He leaves the World to Horror and to Night;
Why to the Throne did Heaven let *Tryphon* climb
And then Revenge on me my Truth to him?
Prodigious is my Fate, my Death I find
In Friendſhips being True and Beauty Kind;
Oh Gods! to what muſt I hereafter Truſt?
Since you Deſtroy me but for being Juſt;

If you for Virtue onely will Admit,
Why am I Ruin'd for purſuing it?

[*He goes out.*

Cleopatra *and* Hermione,

The SCENE *The Garden of* Nicanor's *Pallace*

Cleopatra *holding* Tryphon's *Letter in her hand.*

Cleo. To Court and gain my leave his Queen to be,
And after dare thus to Abandon me!
Th' Affront which he therein on me would lay,
Can onely by his Blood be waſh'd away.

Her. Why ſhould his leaving you your Anger move,
Since now you may accept *Aretus* Love?
That Fatal Promiſe which ecclips'd your Joy
Tryphon's Inconſtancy does now Deſtroy.

Cleo. I ſhould *Aretus* Flame too much Abuſe,
If I gave him what *Tryphon* does Refuſe.

Her. Sure, Madam, if you argue at this rate,
To loſe *Aretus* is your Choice not Fate.

(*Enter* Aretus.

Ar. Madam, I bring before your Juſtice now
One who has been ſo Criminal to you,
As he no longer could deferr to come,
And beg he may from you Receive his Doom:
He would have freed you from pronouncing it,
But that he did believe it was unfit,
Since againſt you he did commit the Crime,
That any but your ſelf ſhould Sentence him;
His Sorrow for his Sin muſt needs be High,
Since he himſelf makes it his Suit to Dye.

Cleo. Who e're, *Aretus*, has Offended me,
And then does Grieve for it to ſuch degree,
As proves it was not his Deſign but Fate,
Deſerves my Pardon rather than my Hate.
And ſince by me he is exempt from Blame,
You ſafely may acquaint me with his Name,
And in what 'tis he did ſo guilty prove.

Ar. I am th' Offender and th' Offence is Love,
By my Reſpects to you I Guilty am;
'Tis they alas make me miſcall my Flame,
For thoſe bleſt Fires which on your Altar ſhine
Are not more Sacred or more Pure than mine,
Judge, Madam, of your Beauties Influence,
Which makes me call ſuch Love as this Offence,
A Love which does produce ſo bright a Flame,
As nothing can Diſpleaſe you but the Name.

Cleo. *Aretus*, I'me Amaz'd at what you ſay.
Ar. But yet my Vows to you I durſt not pay,
Till you to *Tryphon* gave that Fatal leave,
Which ſhow'd you might a Lovers Vows Receive,
And ſince you did not his Addreſs decline,
It made me Hope that you might Pardon mine,
For he ne'r did what a Brave Man ſhould doe,
Unleſs it were in Daring to Love you;
I would not therefore make my Paſſion known,
While he by his might place you on a Throne.
And yet that Throne appear'd to you Unfit,
Since ſuch a Tyrant once had ſate in it,
But now that he your Service has Forſook,
I come to beg thoſe Chains which he hath Broke;
I would have begg'd I might Revenge you too,
But he has done it by Forſaking you;
Heaven could on him no Greater Curſe have ſent
For ſuch a Sin than ſuch a Puniſhment.
Cleo. Th' Affront's too Great which he has laid on me,
To think his Choice his Puniſhment ſhould be,
But ſince you ſay your Love for me is Strong,
Prove what you ſay by Puniſhing this Wrong;
The Tyrants Guard will but in vain Withſtand,
A rip'ned Vengeance from a Lovers Hand.
Ar. Of ſuch a ſharp Revenge you well might Boaſt,
Would you give me that Bleſſing he has Loſt,
'Twill be much Worſe for him than to be Dead,
To ſee me have what he has Forfeited.
Cleo. *Aretus* hold, while I my ſelf perſwade
Not to Reſent what you ſo boldly ſaid,
And to obtain me, Love would have you do
But what your Country's wrongs do call you to,
You can againſt my juſt Commands contend,
Though Glory be your Way, and Love your End,
'Tis onely I who a fit Judge can prove,
In what relates to my Revenge or Love;
'Tis juſt you knew, ſince you my Love have ſought,
The braveſt Price at which it can be bought.

Cleo. *and* Herm. *go out.*

Ar. O Love, O Friendſhip, and O Fatal Vow!
To which ſhall I pay my Obedience now?
My Friend has done that which he promis'd me,
And from *Tryphon*'s Rivalſhip am free,
By which my Vow and Friendſhip ties my Hand,
From Acting what my Miſtreſs does command,
In Love for ever I muſt miſs my End,
Or muſt be falſe both to my Oath or Friend;

Fortune

Fortune to me too Tyrannous does prove,
Oppoſing thus my Vertue to my Love,
And yet I Merit what I ſuffer now,
Since I could make ſo criminal a Vow.

Demetrius *comes in.*

Heaven, my *Demetrius*, does you hither ſend,
That you the Torments I am in may end.
What I more wiſh than Life, or Fear than Death,
Does now entirely Hang upon your Breath,
For neither thoſe nor ought that I can name
Should come in Ballance with my Love or Fame.

Dem. If I can eaſe your Pains, you'l do me Wrong
If you Suſpect they ſhall afflict you long;
Tell me what Service I muſt pay you now.

Ar. You know you made me make a haſty Vow,
That I th' Uſurpers Life would not Purſue.

Dem. Has he not Done that which I Promis'd you,
And from your Miſtreſs does his Love recall?

Ar. 'Tis therefore by my Hands that he muſt Fall.

Dem. Rage o're your Reaſon has the Empire got,
You'il kill him when your Rival and when not.

Ar. From this Reſolve nothing can me remove,
His Life does Rival me as did his Love,
For *Cleopatra* will not mine Admit,
Till *Tryphon*'s Death evince the Truth of it;
'Tis therefore by your Friendſhip that I now
Beg you to free me from that Guilty Vow.

Dem. That Hate which ſhe for *Tryphon* doth Expreſs
Ought ſure to make your Hatred for him Ceaſe,
Since *Cleopatra Tryphon* does abhorre,
Onely becauſe he Rivals you no more.

Ar. I find ſome Reaſon in what now you ſay,
But I find Greater her Command t'Obey;
Since I'de have kill'd him while I did but Fear,
That from my Hopes he might have Raviſh'd Her,
How can I now th' Uſurpers Death delay,
Since to Obtain her 'tis the certain Way?
Heaven which my Sacred Flame for her does know,
And that ſame chiefly made me take that Vow,
Pittying that on a Love ſo free from Guilt
The Safety of a Tyrant ſhould be Built,
Does, to Repair that Sin it did contract,
Ingage me now by Love his Fate to Act:
'Twas fit, as Love made me the Sin commit,
So it ſhould free me from the Guilt of it;
Since too by Friendſhip I to it was won,
Let Friendſhip free me from't as Love has done.

Dem.

Dem. Sure ſuch Diſcourſe as this you'd not approve,
Did you conferr your Reaſon with your Love.
Ar. Ah this Reproach you caſt upon me now
Would have been Juſt when I did make the Vow,
A hated Name you for your ſelf will win,
Making the killing of a Tyrant Sin;
Can you then more for an Uſurper doe,
Than for your Friend and for your Country too?
Dem. To what you Ask I cannot Condeſcend,
In Kindneſs to my Countrey and my Friend,
Ar. Alas you'l ſhow that you abhorr them Both,
If you will not abſolve me from an Oath,
By which your Friend the happieſt Man may be,
And *Syria* will from Tyranny be free.
Dem. To Grant what you Deſire would be ſo far,
From Ending Tyranny 'twill raiſe a War.
Ar. Though I conſider War as no ſmall Curſe,
Yet to be Rul'd by an Uſurper's worſe.
Dem. All would, were *Tryphon* kill'd, fight for the Throne,
'Tis worſe to have many Tyrants than but One.
Ar. If by our Hands they ſaw this Tyrant fall,
'Twould frighten Uſurpation from them all.
Dem. The Pow'r ſo fully *Tryphon*'s Friends engroſs,
As they on us would ſoon Revenge his Loſs,
And *Syria* would ſuch ill by War endure,
As the Diſeaſe ſeems eaſier than the Cure.
Ar. Such as to fight for his Revenge would dare,
Are people fit to be deſtroy'd by War.
Dem. But by the Pow'r they have ſo long enjoy'd,
They're likelier to deſtroy then be deſtroy'd.
Ar. Ah you your ſelf what now you ſaid muſt blame,
Or muſt think Juſtice but an empty Name;
Who has the Right has on his ſide the Odds,
Elſe chance does Rule the World and not the Gods.
Dem. The Right *Antiochus* had on his ſide,
And yet alas by *Tryphon*'s Sword he dy'd.
Ar. You know that hapleſs Monarch did not die
By *Tryphon*'s Force but by his Trechery;
Thoſe onely then to bear his Yoke are fit
Who can Fear ought more than to ſuffer it;
Do not a Guilt ſo great as this purſue.
Dem. I have more Cauſe to be his Foe than you,
For he is fall'n in Love with *Stratonice*,
And me he did into a Vow ſurprize,
Before to me his Conqueress he did name,
That I would Help and Serve him in his Flame,
By which the Death of *Tryphon* you may ſee,
Cannot more Grateful prove to you than me.

But my concerns for *Syria* are above
Even those I have for *Stratonice*'s Love;
Then doe not blame me, if I hinder you
From doing what I think is Sin to Doe.
Ar. The Justice of the Gods in this you see,
He punishes in you your Guilt to me;
You Cross my Love and bind me to my Oath,
Tryphon alike Revenges me in both;
'Tis Heaven permits him thus to do you Wrong,
Because his Death you have delay'd so long.
Dem. That Wrong you mention I with Patience take,
Since I'm convinc'd it is for *Syria*'s sake;
By me be taught to give your Passion Laws,
And bravely Suffer for your Country's cause;
Farewel, to Sacred Virtue let us trust;
The Gods would not be Gods were they not Just.

(Demetrius *offers to goe out.*

Aretus *draws his Sword.*

Ar. Demetrius stay.
Dem. ——Ha! what mean you now?
Ar. Since you deny to free me from my Vow,
By which my Hopes of *Cleopatra* end,
And *Syria* must under a Tyrant Bend,
Either of which, too Cleerly you must see,
Is worse a thousand times then Death to me,
Thus I cast off that Friendship which does prove
So Fatal to my Country and my Love;
My Death must End the Grief of losing both,
Or yours Absolve me from my Guilty Oath.
Dem. Put up your Sword, for when this Storm is Laid,
You'll Hate your self for what you now have said;
Though to your Rage your Friendship you Resign,
Yet you shall see nothing can alter mine.
Ar. How dare you mention Friendship's Sacred Name
And yet oppose my Country, Love and Fame?
By that Enchanting Word you shall not now
That payment Stop which to these three I Owe.
Draw or I'll kill thee.
Dem. —— Hear me but one Word.
Ar. I will not hear thee till thou draw'st thy Sword.
Dem. Then thus I draw it, but to Heaven I Vow
I'll sooner Kill my self with it then You.
Ar. Thy Guilt to me thy Courage has betray'd,
It makes *Demetrius* now of Death afraid.

Dem. When thou reflect'ſt the King my Rival is,
How by my Oath I have loſt *Stratonice*,
And how thy ſelf on whom I did rely
Art from my Friend become my Enemy,
It may perhaps to thee a Truth appear,
That Death is what I Wiſh not what I Fear;
What I have told thee now I thus make good;
[*Opening his Doublet and ſpreading his Arms.*
Here quench thy Rage in my Unguarded Blood,
And in my Death no Grief I ſhall endure,
But that thy Rage not Friendſhip acts the Cure.
[Aretus *turns away.*
Why doſt thou turn away? we are Agreed,
My Death is what thou Seek'ſt and what I Need.
Ar. Oh my *Demetrius*, that which now you doe
Is worſe then not to free me from my Vow;
For Friendſhip's ſake methinks you ſhould not give
Wounds worſe then Death, yet after let me Live.
Dem. If this appears a Cruelty to thee,
Then be not Guilty of the like to me.
Ar. I but provok'd you to that High Degree
To get that Death from you, you ſeek from me.
Dem. Such Wounds from You and Fate I now Receive,
As I much rather Death would Take then Give.
Ar. I hop'd for me your Friendſhip was ſo High,
As, when you found *Tryphon* or I muſt Die,
You then to Kill him your Conſent would give,
Or let me the Denyal not Survive,
But now alas both are refus'd by you.
Dem. Ah doe not blame what Honour makes me doe,
You know how much *Tryphon* my Friend has bin.
Ar. Call you him Friend who's Guilty of the ſin
Of Tying you by Oath from *Stratonice*?
Dem. He does not know that he my Rival is;
But, ſhe whom I acquainted with it now,
And how I was ſurpris'd into my Vow,
Does Scorn his Paſſion and Condemn my Crime
In being falſe to her and true to him;
For thus ſhe tearms what my Oath binds me to,
By which I am under ſuch Torments now,
As if the Gods ſhould but one day deny
The Cure I need, the Grief will make me die;
So long your Aims at *Tryphons* Death ſuſpend,
'Tis but one day and begg'd too by your Friend.
Ar. So long I'le reſpite Juſtice for your ſake,
But know, ſo long I ſhall be on the Rack,
Dem. Heaven Knows, which on us both ſuch Ills has thrown,
That I lament Your Sufferings as my Own. *They go out embracing.*

The

The SCENE Tryphon's *Pallace.*

Enter Tryphon *and* Nicanor.

Try. Yes, in my first Addreſs my chiefeſt End
Was by Alliance to make you my Friend,
And this Addreſs to the like End does move,
But with th' Addition of a Deathleſs Love;
The Bond between Us nothing can Undoe,
When ty'd by Love and by Alliance too.
Nic. That Honour you to *Stratonice* deſign
Deſerves her beſt Acknowledgements and mine,
Try. You then Conſent I place her in my Throne.
Nic. Sir, it were fit you firſt Obtain'd her Own,
For as by Natures Dictates ſhe is led
Not without my Conſent her ſelf to Wed,
So 'twould in me Unnatural appear,
Should I without her leave diſpoſe of Her.
Try. 'Twould much Advance the Union I purſue,
If I could tell her 'tis Approv'd by you.
Nic. Too much to me it like Injuſtice ſhows
T' Approve that Union till I know ſhe Does.
Try. You'l make me Doubt your Scruples are ſo nice
That you on it do ſet too Low a Price.
Nic. No Sir, I doe Eſteem it as I ought;
Call not my Duty to my Child a Fault.
Try. I Know what e'r you Pleaſe ſhe'l always Do,
And therefore I'le alike Aſcribe to you
Thoſe Charming Joys I in her Love ſhall find,
As all my Torments ſhould ſhe prove Unkind;
To you *Nicanor*, I this Ev'ning give,
T'ingage her, my Addreſſes to receive,
But if to be Rejected be my Fate,
Know I'le reſent it at the higheſt Rate.
Nic. I'le Rather to a Puniſhment ſubmit,
Then to the Guilt of what may Merit it,

(Tryphon *and* Nicanor *go out ſeveral ways*

The SCENE Nicanor's *Pallace.*

Enter Cleopatra *and* Seleucus.

Sel. Though *Tryphon* does to me much Favour ſhow,
Yet, Madam, the Reſpect to you I owe
Makes me abhor th' Affront he did to you,
And makes me offer to Revenge it too;

All

All men Condemn that which he now hath Done
More then they doe his Uſurpation;
Since it in Reaſon cannot be deny'd,
But that Inconſtancy is worſe then Pride;
Pride oft in Heightned Souls does it ſelf ſhow,
Inconſtancy Rules onely in the Low,
And ſince your Sex does your own Hand Confine.
From Acting your Revenge, accept of mine.

Cleo. That Generous Sence you of my Wrongs doe ſhow,
And the Brave Offer which you make me now,
Joyn'd with that Friendſhip which I always ſee
You have both for *Nicanor* and for me,
Makes me believe I ſhould Unjuſtly doe,
If I in ought could hide my Grief from you:
Know then my Wrongs to me ſo Weighty ſeem,
As I am Rack'd till I'm Reveng'd on him;
And know that no Revenge can Grateful be,
But one as Vaſt as is the Injury.

Sel. Will you not judge that our Depoſing him
Is a Revenge proportion'd to his Crime?

Cleo. Ah talk not of depoſing him, you know
That's leſs then what you to your Countrey owe,
For *Syria*'s Wrongs and mine will you purſue
A leſs Revenge then is to either due?
And for thoſe Sins which he has Done before,
Will you Reſtrain him but from Doing more?

Sel. *Tryphon* will find, ſince he in Crimes was bred,
That ſuch Reſtraint is worſe then to be Dead;
To one Depos'd what Sentence can you give
So Cruel as Condemning him to Live;
Some Generous men who did that Fate endure,
To ſhun the ſhame in Death have ſought the Cure.

Cleo. A Generous man, *Seleucus*, I will own,
Finds Death an Eaſe when he has loſt his Throne;
But he whoſe Soul is Low, and Crimes are High,
Thinks it the Greateſt Puniſhment to Dye;
And that Revenge has ſtill the ſharpeſt bin,
Which is held ſuch by him who did the Sin.
Ah for my Wrongs there's no Revenge ſeems Good
That is not Written in th' Offenders Blood;
In all elſe you propoſe you loſe your Breath,
And to oblige me you muſt act his Death.

Sel. If nothing elſe your Anger can atone,
Madam, depend upon't, it ſhall be Done;
But 'tis a Deed ſo Daring and Sublime,
That to Perform it will require ſome time;
Though I his Guards command, I dare not yet
Truſt them with things ſo Dangerous and Great.

Cleo.

Cleo. To Dangerous Acts the Brave ſhould always run,
Thoſe muſt not be Conſulted of but Done;
A Tyrants Pow'r ſtill on his Life depends,
Who cuts it off, cuts off with it, his Friends;
But that you may this Deed the boldlier doe,
My Secrets I will now Diſcloſe to you.
Aretus who your Friendſhip does Poſſeſs,
And who is Gallant ev'n to an Exceſs,
Courts my Affection to a High Degree,
And I muſt Bluſhing ſay is Own'd by me;
In my Revenge him I engag'd of late,
He ſhall joyn with you to Act *Tryphon*'s Fate,
Which by th' Uſurper cannot be declin'd,
When two ſuch Men his Ruine have deſign'd;
But ſome Diſorders in your Looks I ſee.

Sel. What have you Truſted any one but Me?
I am perplex'd that you Revenge Deſigne,
And yet make uſe of any Arm but Mine.

Cleo. Into new Griefs me my Revenge had Thrown,
If I had ow'd ſo Great a Debt to one,
I therefore chuſe to ſhare it betwixt two,
Love does in him what Friendſhip does in you.

Sel. Yes, to *Aretus*, Madam, I'le be Juſt,
He does Deſerve this Honour and this Truſt;
We'l both Conſult which is the ſureſt Way,
In this Great Work your Orders to Obey.

Cleo. This Favour no Addition can admit,
But my Celerity in Doing it,
Since while my juſt Revenge you both defer,
I feel thoſe Pains which *Tryphon* ought to bear.

[Cleopatra *goes out.*

Seleucus *alone.*

O Prodigy of Fate! I hither came
T' acquaint Fair *Cleopatra* with my Flame,
And ſcarce could doubt but I ſhould Happy prove,
Since I through her Revenge did court her Love;
But e'r my Heart I at her Feet could lay,
She tels me ſhe has giv'n her Own away,
Nay more, in her Revenge ſhe'd have me Joyn
With him who moſt of all does Merit Mine:
Never was any Lovers Fate ſo hard,
The Danger I muſt Share, not the Reward;
Was it her Ignorance or elſe her Art,
Thus to accept my Hand but not my Heart?
Aretus hitherto has been my Friend,
But Love now to that Name does give an End,
And to obtain her he ſhall quickly ſee
He muſt not only *Tryphon* Kill but Me.

THE FIFTH ACT.

The SCENE *is* Nicanors's *Pallace.*

The Scene *opens.*

Tryphon, Demetrius, Stratonice *and* Irene. Demetrius *from behind* Tryphon *fixes his Eyes on* Stratonice, *folds his Arms the one within the other, Sighs and goes out ſtill gazing on her.*

Try. NIcanor and *Demetrius* having been
Imploy'd by me to Court you for my Queen,
And having found by both that my Addreſs
Has not obtain'd the much deſir'd Succeſs;
I now am Come, Madam, to wait on you,
To pay that Love which to your Beauty's due.
A Love which 'twere Injuſtice to deſpiſe,
Since 'tis the pow'ful Influence of your Eyes.
Stra. That Love which now is offer'd me by you
Is, Sir, to *Cleopatra* only due;
Th' Injuſtice then much Greater would appear,
Should I uſurp that which belongs to her;
Then doe not, Sir, Sollicit me to do
A Wrong to Nature and to Juſtice too;
'Twere Sin if ſuch Deſires were not deny'd.
Try. Nature and Juſtice both are on my ſide,
Where Nature does moſt Liberally beſtow
The Charms of Beauty, there our Loves we Owe,
And I the Rules of Juſtice but purſue,
Paying a Debt where Nature ſhows 'tis due.
Stra. Since your firſt Love you did to her afford,
Juſtice obliges you to keep your Word;
And to my Siſter, Sir, I am Confin'd,
By Natures Law to be both Juſt and kind.
Thus, Sir, the Right is on my ſide you ſee,
Fancy does Govern you but Reaſon me;
Try. Such Cruel Words ought not from you to fall,
What you term Fancy I muſt Duty Call;
If you I firſt had ſeen, then her Ador'd,
By you moſt Juſtly I had been abhor'd,
But you being ſeen, I ſhould my ſelf abhor,
If after I Your Siſter could Adore;
Your Juſtice into queſtion will be brought,
If my Misfortune ſhould be call'd my Fault;

Madam

Madam, it muſt be, ſure, ſome other thing
Which makes you at this rate to uſe your King;
And from his Proffer'd Throne thus to Retire,
A Glory to which all but you Aſpire.
Stra. She does not Merit to a Throne to Clime,
Who does acquire that Glory by a Crime;
To be a Queen I would not wound my Fame.
Try. Your only Crime is that you ſlight my Flame,
A Flame which, if by you Contemn'd it be,
Shall Ruine others as 'twill Ruine me.
Madam, take heed of being thus unkind,
Leaſt you your Judge ſhould in your Lover find.
Stra. Nothing can me to Unjuſt Actions move,
Nor will I, Sir, be threat'ned into Love,
Ah if true Love e'r in your Heart had Raign'd,
You would have known mine could not be Conſtrain'd;
Under Heav'ns Care Love above Life does ſtand,
Tyrants may Life but cannot Love Command;
Act what you ſaid to me, 'twill eaſier prove
T'indure your Sentence then indure your Love.
Try. Miſtake not what your Scorn forc'd me to ſay,
For to your Beauties ſuch Reſpect I pay,
I'd Kill my ſelf ſooner then threaten you,
But with Revenge *Nicanor* I'le Purſue;
He to my Love, when told him, was unkind,
And then I fear'd th' Effects which now I find.
Stra. This Menace is beyond your firſt ſevere,
You Threaten now what only I can fear,
But Fear to Love was never yet the Way.
Try. I muſt not Credit that which now you ſay,
For of Loves Theory ſo much you ſhow, } Stratonice ſeems
As I believe the Practick too you know; } *diſordered.*
This is a Truth your bluſhes now have ſhown,
Nor could you ſcorn my Paſſion and my Throne,
Had not ſome other prepoſſeſt your Heart;
To find him out I'l uſe my Pow'r and Art,
And, Madam, then it will perhaps appear,
You can for him as for *Nicanor* fear;
I am now certain you a Lover have,
Him and my hopes I'l bury in one Grave;
For ſince you make me Wretched, you ſhall know
I have the Pow'r to make you Wretched too,
And though my Rival might eſcape my Hand,
Yet ſtill your Father's Life's at my Command,
Which he ſhall Loſe if by too morrow night
You value not that Love which now you ſlight.
Stra. Yes, Tyrant, thy Reſentments more to move
I will Confeſs to thee I am in Love.

But yet to thee the Man ſhall ne'r be known
For whom I ſcorn thy Paſſion and thy Throne;
Act then thy Menaces that thou mayſt ſee,
I too am more in Love with Death then thee;
To thoſe who feel ſuch Cruelties as theſe
Dying is not a Puniſhment but eaſe.
Try. Know that to morrow Night's the utmoſt date
Given to *Nicanor*'s Life or to thy Hate.
Stra. To morrow Night in both it ſhall appear,
Who fears not Death does not a Tyrant fear.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The SCENE *is The Garden of* Tryphon's *Pallace.*

Enter Seleucus *alone.*

Oh whether by my Paſſion am I Led?
My Love ſhould die after my Hopes are dead;
She has her ſelf declar'd to me that ſhe
Has given to him that which is ſought by me,
Nor is *Aretus* guilty of the Crime,
He does to me what I'de have done to him;
Becauſe in Love I cannot reach my End,
Why ſhould Revenge deprive me of my Friend?
Great Gods! how can I prove ſo Cold and tame,
As on a Rival to beſtow that Name?
And while *Aretus* does my Joys Ingroſs,
Talk my ſelf into Patience for my loſs.
Since Friendſhip thus does plead for my Diſgrace,
Revenge do thou aſcend and take the place;
Thou more like Vertue doſt to me appear
Then Friendſhip can in this Affront I bear;
Since to the Brave nothing ſhould be above
Revenge in Wrongs or Conſtancy in Love;
Therefore thy Death, proud Rival, I'le purſue,
If I muſt Looſe her, thou muſt Looſe her too.

[Tryphon *comes in to him.*

Try. Seleucus, now I feel a Matchleſs Pain,
My Perfect Love meets with the like Diſdain;
'Twixt what her Beauty and her Scorn does doe,
At once I Hate her and Adore her too;
Ah when Provok'd by what to me ſhe ſaid
I Menac'd her to take *Nicanor*'s Head,
So Bravely ſhe the threatning did Deſpiſe,
Her Spirit I Admire above her Eyes:
Thus what I thought the ſpeedieſt Way might be
To Conquer her, has the more Conquer'd me;

For

For to my Bondage I am now Confin'd,
Both by the Luſtre of her Eyes and Mind,
But that which does my Higheſt Torment prove
Is, She Confeſt to me ſhe was in Love,
And proudly ſaid 'twas paſt my Pow'r and Art
To find him out to whom ſhe gave her Heart.
Sel. This and the Scorn which you from her Indure
Should make you to your Reaſon owe your Cure.
Try. To one in Love doe not of Reaſon ſpeak,
For Love is never ſtrong till Reaſon's weak;
My Paſſion is ſo Pow'rful and ſo High,
As if I miſs Enjoying her I Die;
But if by thy Aſſiſtance ſhe be won,
Thou ſhalt with her divide my Heart and Crown.
Sel. Wealth is a thing I never did regard,
To have your Favour is the beſt Reward,
Which I'le deſerve, ſince, Sir, to reach your Ends
I will expoſe my Miſtreſs and my Friends;
Yes, Sir, to me alone, you now will know,
That both your Life and Miſtreſs you ſhall owe;
Then ſummon all your Fortitude to hear
That which at once will wound your Heart and Ear;
Our Fortunes, Sir, with the like Malice move,
You Love one Siſter, I the other Love;
You have a Rival who her Heart has wonne,
To me my Rival the like Wrong has done;
But that at which we juſtly ſhould repine,
Your Friend's your Rival and my Friend is mine.
Try. What Friend of mine can dare affront me thus?
Sel. That name you give but to *Demetrius*
Try. Oh Gods! what Horrors doe my Soul invade?
Scorn'd by my Miſtreſs, by my Friend betrayd?
This fatal Secret who diſclos'd to thee?
Sel. 'Twas he himſelf that open'd it to me.
Try. From me conceal it, and yet tell it you?
Can I believe *Demetrius* is untrue?
Oh do not take this way t' Uſurp his Place.
Sel. He durſt not tell you he your Rival was,
But had you mark'd thoſe Horrors he was in,
When him you preſt to court her for your Queen,
You could not have been doubtful of his Crime,
Your Eyes had told you what I learn'd from him.
Try. 'Tis true, his Troubles as it were above
What any Paſſion could produce but Love,
My Error and thy Faithfulneſs I ſee;
Ah ſince *Demetrius* proves ſo falſe to me,
Sure 'tis he too that doth my Life purſue.
Sel. No, Sir, that Guilt is to *Aretus* due.

With me he *Cleopatra* does Adore,
Who does ſo much your Leaving her Abhorr,
That ſhe has made my Rival promiſe her,
Charm'd by Loves Pow'r to be your Murtherer;
She try'd my help in the Deſigne to win,
But, Sir, I did deteſt ſo baſe a Sin.

Try. Thou art my Genius, and I owe to thee
All that I am, and all I hope to be,
Though *Cleopatra*'s Guilt be rais'd ſo high
That, with *Aretus*, ſhe deſerves to Dye,
Yet if ſhe'll marry thee I'le pardon her,
But I one hour will not his Death defer.

Sel. This favour ties me, while I live, to you,
But, Sir, in your own caſe what will you doe?

Try. In that, *Seleucus*, I am doubtful yet,
For one each ſide the difficulty's great;
I look with Horror on *Demetrius* guilt,
Yet tremble to pluck down what I have built;
Friendſhip and Love ſo in my Boſom ſtrive,
As I yet know not which ſhall there ſurvive;
I now am under an unheard of Fate,
My Friend and Miſtris I both Love and Hate;
Ah would *Aretus* all my Blood had ſpilt,
That againſt either I might ſhun the Guilt;
In this ſad ſtreight I'de be advis'd by thee.

Sel. The Reſolution eaſie ſeems to me,
For to your Love if you can give an End,
You ought to pardon and make beſt your Friend;
But if your Being to your Love you tye,
Then there's no doubt *Demetrius*, Sir, muſt Dye.

Try. But if my Love while guiltleſs was deny'd,
I doubt when in her Lovers Blood 'tis dy'd,
That Cruelty may more her Hatred move.

Sel. Yet 'tis a Cruelty produc'd by Love;
When by your Pow'r you make her be your Wife,
And when your Mercy ſpares her Fathers Life,
Both thoſe joyn'd with the Charming Name of Queen,
Over her Hate the Victory may win;
But if, when ſhe's your Wife her Hate endures,
The Trouble, Sir, will be more hers then yours.

Try. But ſince, when but to fright her I did ſay
That I *Nicanor*'s Life would take away,
She told me to her Death ſhee too would fly;
I fear if I ſhould make her Lover Dye,
She in diſpair to her own Death would run.

Sel. Killing one's ſelf is ſooner ſaid then done,
But if to him that Proof of Love ſhe'd give
Think not ſhe'l marry you while he does live.

Try. Ha! what thou say'ſt admits of no reply,
And does on Love beſtow the Victory?
Thoſe Words have torn *Demetrius* from my Mind,
And for his Death the Orders they have ſign'd;
He and *Aretus* inſtantly ſhall Dye;
Prepare the Guards with ſpeed and ſecrecy;
Thy Care of me has made me judge it fit
To thee this Execution to commit. [*They goe out ſeveral ways.*

The SCENE *of* Nicanor's *Pallace opens.*

Nicanor, Aretus, Demetrius,

Cleopatra *and* Stratonice *both weeping.*

Stra. Yes, Sir, I ſcorn'd his Love and Anger too,
Till he with ſpeedy Death did threaten you,
My Conſtancy he then did more than fright,
Yet I conceal'd my Terrors from his ſight;
But, Sir, my Eyes, as ſoon as he was gone,
Wept as my Heart, while he was here, had done;
For if to morrow night I'm not his Wife,
He has declar'd he'l take away your Life.
Nic. I'le rather to his Rage ſubmit my Head,
Than yield that you ſhould ſuch a Tyrant wed;
I'le ſooner Die then I'le that Union ſee,
Such Hate I have for him ſuch Love for thee.
Art. To Cleo. From your Fair Eyes thoſe Tears you ought to wipe,
This Crime for Heavens Revenge makes *Tryphon* ripe,
So ripe that through his Guards along I'le goe
To pay that Death which to his Guilt we owe;
The Danger does leſs then the Duty ſeem,
I'le dry your Tears or ſtrive to merit them.
Dem. To Stra. I thought by Love he would your heart have won,
And therefore I did yield to be undone;
But ſince to this vile way he hath recourſe,
'Tis juſt to end ſuch Tyranny by Force;
I'le now with much leſs Grief his Death purſue,
Then I reſign'd to him my claim to you.
Ar. Since we to kill the Tyrant are agreed,
I ſee the Gods his Ruine have decreed.
Nic. Though that is juſt which is deſign'd by you,
Yet Juſt things we ſhould doe as Wiſe men doe;
Seleucus who th' Uſurpers Guards commands,
When this new Tyranny he underſtands,
To joyn with us I hope may ſoon be won.
Cleo. I dare aſſure you 'tis already done.

Nic.

Nic. Already done! by whom?
Cleo. ——— 'tis done by me;
His Hate to *Tryphon* and his Tyranny
Is such, as I am sure in this Designe
He will with you, when you desire it, joyn.
Are. Whoever does to Virtue but pretend,
To what we have resolv'd must be a Friend.

Enter Irene *hastily.*

Ire. I on your privacies would not intrude,
Did not my Duty force me to be rude.
Some of the Servants from the Garden call,
To tell you many Soldiers scale the Wall,
Arm'd for a Fight they every one appear,
And all of them do *Tryphon*'s Livery wear.

Hermione *running in.*

Herm. *Seleucus* is into your Pallace come,
And does with *Tryphon*'s Guards fill every Room.
Nica. What may this Mean?
Her. My Eyes are much mistook,
If Rage and Horror dwels not in his Look.
Selen. Yield up your Swords, in vain you'l fight or fly.
Aret. Betray'd! then let us acting our Revenges die.

Seleucus *forces open the doors, he runs in with several of the Guards* Nicanor, Aretus *and* Demetrius *draw their Swords, but e're they can make use of them, are oppress by Numbers and are disarm'd,* Seleucus *beckons to the Guards to retire, while they are going out* Seleucus *says.*

Secure the Pallace Guards, if you Admit
Any t' escape, your Lives shall pay for it,
These Orders read will let you understand,
That what I doe is by my Kings command;
You are my Prisoners all, *Aretus* you
Must bear the Fate which to your Sin is due,
For you the Murther of the King did plot.

{ *He gives the Orders to* Nicanor.

Aret. I Merit Death because I kill'd him not.
Selen. *Demetrius* too the like hard Fate must prove;
He does not only Rival *Tryphon*'s Love,
But knew *Aretus* did his Death intend,
And yet Conceal'd it to preserve his Friend.
Deme. Perfidious man, the Tyrant could not be
Told that he was my Rival but by thee.
Selen. Madam, the King in hope that you'l receive
His Love, does yet *Nicanor*'s Life Reprieve.
Nica. Since these two generous Friends are doom'd to Die,
Sparing of me is but his Cruelty.

Stra,

Stra. Who would the loss of so much Worth survive,
Or by a Tyrants Mercy who would Live?
Death is then either Welcome to me.

Seleu. To Cleo. Here Prostrate, Madam, at your Feet you see
One who long since has paid to you his Heart,
And who by Love is forc'd to act this part,
For when I came to tell you of the Fire
Which your bright Eyes did into my Soul inspire,
And, that it might more acceptable be
Did offer to revenge your Injury,
You, e're I could make you my great Request,
Told me *Aretus* Raign'd within your Breast;
Ah! When I found that he was Monarch there,
I did, Compell'd by Love and by Dispair,
Discover all to *Tryphon*, with Design
Helping his Love to, make him turn mine;
This, Madam, you may Look on as my Sin,
But what you think my Guilt is Glory in,
For what more fully could my Passion prove
Then Sacrificing of my Friends to Love.

Are. Since Love makes no man Cruel or Unjust,
That which thou call'st thy Love is but thy Lust.

Cleo. Seleucus, I have Listned unto you
At once with Horror and with Pity too,
Horror, that you this Falshood could Commit,
Pity, that Love seduc'd you into it;
Ah! to my Love what wrong could be so high,
As thinking 'twould be won by Treachery?
No, no, though my affection for you were
Such as for me you would have yours appear,
Yet Honour, which of all things most I rate,
Would by this Falshood turn that Love to Hate;
And could I be obtain'd by what you doe,
That Crime would soon work the like Change in you;
Oh doe not think that Love can e're be built
On such a false foundation as your Guilt.

Seleu. In my sad case what could I else have done?
To me you'r lost, or this way must be won.

Cleo. This way be Won! Oh Gods let me not see
That you can have so Low a thought of me;
For then I'le rather my own Death Pursue,
Then owe the saving of our Lives to you;
I would have had you to my Love pretend
By ways which were proportion'd to the End,
And would have had you, though your Hopes were Croſt,
Yet to have Merited what you have Lost;
More Grief in such Revenge I might then find,
Then in this mean one you have now design'd;

For where true Honour in a Soul does Raign,
To be ingrateful is the fowlest Stain,
And she must in her Breast feel more Remorse
That is not moved by Merit then by Force.

Seleu. Merit would have but plaid a Hopeless part,
When he by Inclination had your Heart;
Madam it would have much encreas'd my woe
To have Deserv'd you and have Lost you too.

Cleo. And yet both these had been an easier Fate
Then not to Merit me and Merit Hate;
Ah! when you thought that he my Heart had won
By that which you call Inclination,
You then should by Desert and not Despair
Have cast him thence and fixt *Seleucus* there,
This might perhaps have been perform'd by you,
Had you reveng'd my Wrongs and *Syria's* too;
And this perhaps, though Late, may yet be done.

Sel. Ah, Madam, I to your Revenge will run,
If you to me will now a Promise give,
That when 'tis acted you'l my Love receive.

Cleo. Ah, Run not thus into another Fault,
Love would not be what 'tis could it be bought.

Are. Why Madam should he now rewarded be
For doing that from which he hinders me?
Pay not so high a price for our Reprieve.

Cleo. My Love, *Aretus*, is my own to give.

Are. Yet to your Love give him not a pretence
By that which cannot wash off his Offence.

Cleo. Death would to me, *Seleucus*, happier prove
Then if I made a Bargain for my Love.

Seleu. Madam, I beg that it your Gift might be.

Cleo. Doing your Duty you should trust to me.

Stra. Alass why should you her Unkindness dread,
When so much Merit on your side shall plead?

Nic. Consider, should you run your Fatal way,
The present Times and Times to come will say,
Because *Seleucus* in his Love had fail'd,
He on his Countrey Tyranny Intail'd,
A Sin so black 't were better to submit
To slighted Love then bear the Guilt of it.

Cleo. But though to sell my Love I do abhorr,
Yet on my knees your vertue I Implore.
To free your Country and remove our Fears,
And to those Pray'rs behold I add these Tears,
Since 'twas your Love forc'd you to doe these Wrongs,
This Reparation to your Love belongs.

She offers to kneel and he hinders her.

She weeps.

Seleu.

Seleucus *Muses awhile gazing on Cleopatra.*

Seleu. Love still with a resistless Pow'r appears,
When Beauty Pleads the Cause and speaks in Tears;
The fiercest storms which over souls has Pow'r
Cannot but be suppress by such a Show'r;
I can no longer my hard Temper keep,
'Tis less to Loose you then thus make you weep;
In you and in my Services I'l trust,
They shall be Great, and you I know are Just;
Thus Clouds a while may the Suns Light Confine,
But when they Vanish it does brighter shine.

Sel. To Are. Now brave *Aretus* we'll together prove
Who has the Highest Title to her Love.

Are. When of most Merit you can truly boast,
Then I deserve she should to me be Lost.

Dem. To Stra. Madam your Wrongs call me with them to go,
So does the Duty I to *Syria* Owe.

Sel. Then against *Tryphon* Let us all declare;
The Guards which I have brought my Creatures are,
And I even long till I his Blood have spilt,
The Victim due both to my Love and Guilt;
We must this Moment kill him by surprise,
Our safety now in Expedition Lies.

Nica, Deme, Aret, and Seleucus *go out.*

Cleo. Sure 'tis the Gods that thus their Hearts Incline,

Stra. And may the Gods smile too on their designe.

Cleo. You both must to the Tyrants Pallace go, } *To Hermione and Irene.*
And let us hourly all that passes know.

Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione *and Irene go out.*

The SCENE Tryphon's *Pallace.*

Tryphon *alone.*

Demetrius Knows e're now that 'tis a thing
Too bold to be a Rival to a King,
And in his Ruine *Stratonice* shall see
Nothing is dearer then her Love to me,
Nor dare *Nicanor* my Address detest,
When by such Proof he finds I'm not in Jest;
Aretus still so proud a heart did show,
As I long ow'd him what I pay him now;
My faithful Freed Man *Ancæ* I have sent,
Sooner to learn of my Revenge th' Event.

Arcæ

Arcas Runs in hastily and affrighted.

Arcas, Sir, you're lost.

Try. What makes thee so afraid.

Ar. Oh Sir, you by *Seleucus* are Betray'd,

Try. This News my Soul does with Amazement fill.

Ar. He's Joyn'd with those whom he was sent to kill;
My haste hath almost robb'd me of my Breath,
And, Sir, with them your Guards conspire your Death;
The People too call for your Head aloud,
And to those Traitors in whole Troops they croud.

Try. Arcas, who told this fatal news to thee?

Ar. Sir, what I tell you I my self did see;
And through the streets they March'd at such a Rate
As they must now be near the Palace Gate,
Which is abandon'd, Sir, by all the Guards,
Bribed by *Seleucus* Arts or his Rewards;
If you would fly you should not loose your time.

Try. Death's but a Punishment, but flight a Crime,
I'le rather loose my Life then they shall see
That ought which they can do can frighten me;
The name of King by no base Act I'le blot,
Nor Dying loose the Fame my Life has got.

Arcas. Were but these Words, Sir, to the *Syrians* known,
They yet would judge that you deserve the Throne;
To me they seem so Generous and High,
That fighting by your side I wish to Die.

Try. But how can I think I will with Traytors fight?

Ar. Sir, you disdain to save your self by Flight.

Try. But who like me a Kingdom did Command,
Should scorn to Die by any Subjects hand;
No, No, he Merits not to fill a Throne
Who when Fate calls, dares not employ his own;
'Twould be the Traytors Glory as their Guilt,
If they could say that they my Blood had spilt:
Go watch their coming in the outward Room,
And, when they Enter, say aloud they Come;
Mean while for such a Death I will prepare,
As shall Deserve thy kindness and thy care.

Arcas *stays weeping and fixes his eyes on* Tryphon.

Will *Arcas* then my last Request deny?

Ar. Sir, I but beg that I with you may Dye.

Try. They will surprise me by this fond delay.

Ar. Since you will have it so I must obey. [*Arcas goes out.*

Try. This turn I owe to *Cleopatra*'s Eyes;
Yet since I am depriv'd of *Stratonice*,

My Death which they united doe conſpire,
Is not my Fear but that which I Deſire.

Tryphon *goes to an elevated place like a Throne, ſeats himſelf in it, then draws a Ponyard, and viewing it, ſaith,*

My Hand is yet of this Bright Scepter ſure
Which for my Sufferings is a certain Cure:
Thus arm'd I will my Enemies outbrave,
And, ſpight of Fate, deſerve a Glorious Grave.
Ah *Stratonice*, if thou my Heart couldſt ſee,
Thou'dſt find I only Grieve at looſing thee;
Such Charms are in thine Eyes. [Arcas *crys within.*
Ar. They come, they come.

Tryphon *riſes lifting up his Hand with the Ponyard in it.*

Try. Then I no longer will defer my Doom.

Nicanor, Demetrius, Aretus, Seleucus *ruſh in with their Swords drawn, followed by the Guards; all make a ſtand ſeeing* Tryphon *in that Poſture.*

Though of my Death your Treacheries may boaſt,
The Triumph yet of your Revenge is loſt;
Since Heaven deſignes this my laſt hour ſhall be,
Thus I my ſelf act what the Gods decree: [*Stabs himſelf.*
Pleas'd that my Fate within my own Pow'r lies,
And that in Death I can my Foes deſpiſe;
I dye content ſince my laſt Breath can boaſt,
That I your Plot of Murth'ring me have croſt.
Tryphon *dyes.*

Nic. The Tyrant with himſelf has been at ſtrife
To make his Death as Guilty as his Life.
Dem. 'Twas Juſt this Execution he ſhould doe,
That as he wrong'd us he may right us too.
Are. Yet I muſt Grieve at that which all Rejoyce,
Death ſhould have been his Puniſhment, not *Choice.*
Sel. His thirſt of Humane Blood ſo great was grown,
As he, rather then ſpare it ſpilt his own.

One of the Guard leads in Arcas *bound.*

Guard, *Arcas* confeſſes 'twas he cry'd they come.
Ar. I doe expect, but doe not fear your Doom.
Dem. Let him in ſafety to his Countrey goe.
Are. For our Revenge this Object is too low.

Sel. See how he ſhakes, Guard, let him be unbound.
Nic. We ſhould prize Faithfulneſs where e're 'tis found.

The Guard unbind Arcas.

Arc. To ſhow I merit what I now enjoy,
The Freedom you beſtow I thus imploy.

Arcas *runs to* Tryphon, *takes the Bloody Ponyard which lay by him, and with it ſtabs himſelf.*

That Death you thought I fear'd, I run to meet
And dye content ſince at-my-Maſters——feet

[*He fals dead at* Tryphon's *feet.*

Nic. *Arcas* deſerv'd, who could ſo bravely Dor,
A better Fate and better Maſter too.
Arc. *Tryphon* deſerv'd his Gratitude to have,
Him he did free and all the reſt enſlave.
Sel. *Arcas* I wrong'd, thinking he ſhook for Fear.

Enter Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione *and* Irene.

Cleo. The news of *Tryphon*'s Death hath brought us here,
We heard that he by his own Hand did Die.
Sel. See where he now Pale as his Guilt does lye.

[*They all goe towards the dead body.*

Cleo. This ſight at once my Joy and Grief does raiſe.
Stra. 'Tis an ignoble Triumph thus to gaze,
Sir, let his body be from hence convey'd;
He by his Death for all his Crimes has paid.
Sel. Since by the Juſtice done by *Tryphon*'s Hand,
The Throne of *Syria* does now empty ſtand,
And ſince the Tyrant to confirm his ſway,
The Royal Line at once did make away,
Princes, 'twere fit we inſtantly agreed,
Who is the Worrhieſt perſon to ſucceed,
And, ſince his Merit onely can pretend,
I judge *Nicanor* ſhould the Throne aſcend.
Dem. *Seleucus* you my motion but prevent.
Are. I to what both propoſe with Joy conſent,
To you alone the *Syrian* Crown is due.
Nic. Excuſe me, Sir, it does belong to you.

Nicanor *kneels to* Aretus

Admire

Admire not that my ſelf I proſtrate thus,
Since now I kneel before *Antiochus:*

[*They all ſtart and ſeem amazed.*

Preſerv'd by Heaven from *Tryphon*'s bloody Pow'r,
To all the bleſſings of this glorious Hour;
Your Father, Sir, who found he did deſign [Are. *takes* Nica. *up.*
T' Uſurp the Crown and kill the Royal Line,
Sent you that night by a ſafe hand to me,
Hoping that I ſhut up in privacy,
(For when the King revoak'd the Generals place
I in Retirement mourn'd out my Diſgrace)
Might beſt protect you from the Tyrants Rage;
This noble Truſt did all my Griefs aſſwage.
Dem. 'Twas a high Proof that he your Vertue knew,
Since whil'ſt he Wrong'd you he did truſt you too.
Nic. Out of my Houſe but ſtill within my Care
You by the Gods till now protected were,
Under the name of *Zeno*'s Son you went,
The Prince by whom you firſt to me were ſent,
Who when your Father and the King was kill'd,
O'recome by Grief his Life to Death did yield;
In reading this ſhort Letter, Sir you'll know,
Why what you are till now I durſt not ſhow.

He gives *Aretus* a Letter.

Aretus reads.

Antiochus to *Nicanor.*

SInce Heaven this Ruine throws on us,
I truſt you with Antiochus;
Let him by you with Care be bred,
But till you ſee the Tyrant dead,
(Oh I conjure you grant me this)
Let not himſelf know who he is,
Th' Affront my Father caſt on you forgive,
And let me ſtill in your Remembrance live.

ANTIOCHUS.

Aretus

Aretus *gives the Letter to* Demetrius *and* Seleucus.

Sel. If 'tis the Prince's hand; the hand I know,
It is his writing;
Dem. His Subscription too.
Nic. My Testimony were enough alone,
Since I thereby doe loose the *Syrian* Throne,
To which by all your Votes you would me bring.
Sel. We all acknowledge that you are our King.
Are. Though a lost Crown the Gods to me restore;
Two things there are which yet I value more;
Oh would to Heaven, *Seleucus*, that I knew
How to be just both to my Love and you.
Sel Under such loads of Guilt my self I find,
That I, though forc'd by Love your Death design'd,
As I the Greatest Sufferings ought to bear,
And therefore yield t' indure the loss of Her;
A hopeless Love to the best End I bring,
Pleasing by it my Mistress and my King;
Bless'd if the Sin caus'd by my Love and Fate
By this Atonement I can expiate.
Are. This Generous Act which now you for me doe
Does both oblige me and Amaze me too: [*Embracing him.*
To Cleo. Now, Madam, I dare humbly beg of you
To take that Heart which to your Eyes is due,
They make me know that 'tis a greater thing,
To be a Captive then to be their King;
A King who does as his chief Glory own
The Power of laying at your feet a Crown;
In taking it you'l Raise his Joys above
All things except your Beauty and his Love;
Nicanor who to me does Empire give,
I hope will yield that you should let me Live,
Which I shall not till I your pleasure know.
Nic. That Duty, Sir, she to her King does owe.
Cleo. That Love for which so Generously you sue,
I give not to your Title but to you.
Are. Though from your Father I receive a Throne,
Yet now you give me more then he has done;
Amidst these Joys which Heaven on me does send,
I dare not be Unmindful of my Friend;
Demetrius, Sir, Adores fair *Stratonice*.
Nic. Sir, I with Joy consent that she be his.
Dem. To Stra. Madam, so Guilty I have been to you,
That I scarce dare for your Forgiveness Sue,
Mercy it self but rarely does bestow
At the same time Rewards and Pardons too,

Stra. To Dem. Since what you did, Honour did lead you to,
Love ſhall forgive what Honour made you doe;
And ſince your Guilt I thus have took away,
'Tis fit that I *Nicanor* ſhould Obey.

Dem. None by Exceſs of Joy can Death receive.
Since after this which you have done I live.

Art. To Nic. Sir, I have now but one Requeſt to make,
'Tis that the General's Place you now will take,
This is the Loweſt Reparation due,
For that affront the King did caſt on you,

Nic. Since I have liv'd to Place you in the Throne,
The onely Duty made me Live is Done.
Beſides a Solemn Oath I once did ſwear,
That I would never Publick Office bear;
Think how *Seleucus*, Sir, Oblig'd may be,
You have already done too much for me.

Ar. Then for *Seleucus* I that place Deſigne,
To which all *Tryphon*'s Forfeitures I joyn;
'Tis juſt ſince all our Lives to you we owe,
That you ſhould have the Pow'r to Guard them too.

Sel. Theſe Gifts not for their Greatneſs I eſteem,
But that the Evidence of Truſt they ſeem.

Art. To Nic. Is there then nothing in my Pow'r to doe
Which, Sir, may ſhow my Gratitude to you.

Nic. You've given me all the Honour I deſir'd:

Art. You for your ſelf a Nobler have acquir'd.
The way in which me to the Throne you bring,
Is Greater then to be your ſelf a King.
Now let us to the Gods Oblations pay,
For all the Bleſſings of this Glorious day:
To them a Double Debt from me is due,
Much for my Crown I owe them, more for You.

[*Taking* Cleo. *by the Hand.*

The Curtain falls.

Epilogue.

YOur dealing, we confeſs, is very fair;
You paid your Money e're you ſaw our Ware,
And if you ſhould diſlike it now 'tis ſeen,
I pray how would you get it back again?
Since never yet at Law an Action lay
For Money paid to ſee a Cry'd-down-Play;
Then whatſoe're it be, diſpraiſe it not,
But doe as ſome when they a Clap have got;
Commend the Wench that more to her may goe,
Thus if they jeer you, you may jeer them too;
New Plays, like Wives, are ſubject to the Curſe
Of being took for Better or for Worſe.

FINIS.